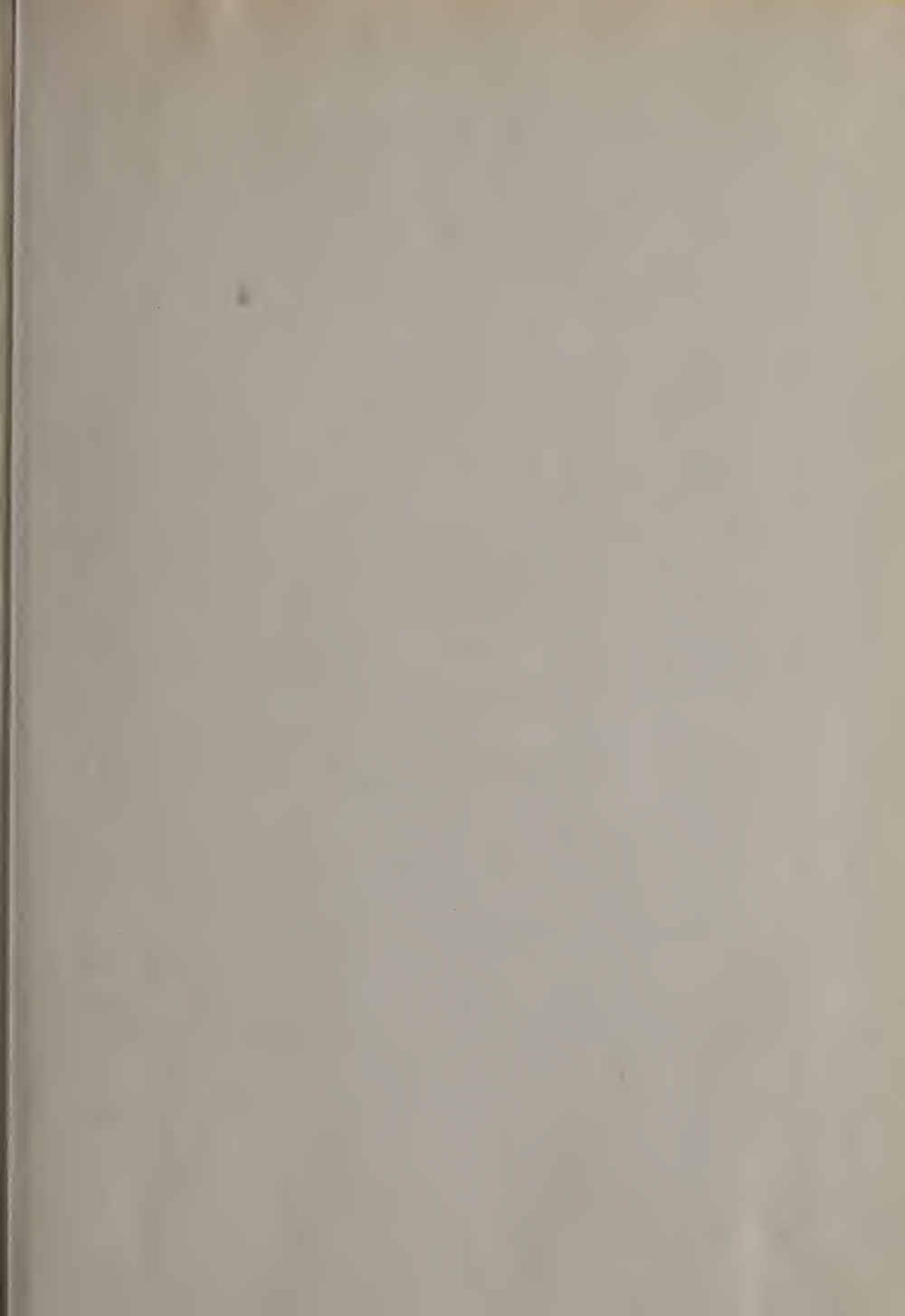




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Life and Light for Woman.

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HEATHEN ZULU WOMAN.

AFRICA.

WOMAN AS AN EVANGELIST AMONG THE ZULUS.

BY MRS. S. E. HOLBROOK.

THE evangelistic work in the Zulu Mission is by no means confined to the missionaries themselves, or even to their many efficient workers among the native brethren, but the women also have a share in this important work.

Not a few of the wives of missionaries, as well as the single ladies of the mission, engage in the evangelistic work, going about among the kraals in hand-to-hand work for souls. I say "hand-to-hand," for in no other work, I think, does one so enter into the lives of the people.

This phase of the work is by no means devoid of hardship. The roads are often simple bridle paths. Most of the mission stations are extremely hilly, or even mountainous. The missionary sister must go upon her errand of love on horseback under the burning sun. Sometimes the path is so steep that she has to dismount, and make her way as best she can on foot over the precipitous sides of the rocky steeps. Again, her way may cross a rapid or swollen stream, or even river, with no bridge to span the rushing waters, and ford it she must.

But frail women can do what they would think impossible under more favorable or easier circumstances, and the difficulties are surmounted for His sake who endured far greater hardship for the souls he sought to save.

When the heathen Zulus see the missionary's wife or the foreign teacher willing to undertake such toilsome journeys, and to kneel down on her hands and knees and creep into the thatched hut, with its mud floor, and seat herself on a mat, just as they do, in order that she may bring them the bread of life, they begin to feel that she indeed loves them, and they are sometimes more willing to listen to her message than if it were given at her own home, or in the chapel. Much might be said of this labor of love in the homes of the people as so beautifully performed by many of the sisters in the mission.

However interesting and important their share of the work may be, we would not forget the earnest labors of the native Bible women, who go about all through the length and breadth of the mission, as did the Master, whom they serve, doing good. I think all who are familiar with this work of the Bible women will find little difficulty in discovering the source of this stream of blessing. A large proportion of these earnest workers have been



A ZULU WOMAN AND CHILD:

educated at one or the other of the mission boarding schools. From Inanda and Umzumbe, for many long years, have been sent out girls trained in careful Bible study, in addition to all of the acquirements necessary to fit them for lives of usefulness. They have spent years under the influence of educated, consecrated women, and as they go out into their own homes, and take their natural places as wives and mothers, many of them still feel an absorbing desire to do all that they can to show the Light of Life to those still in darkness.

Thus all through the mission, and even far away among remote outstations, may be found the former pupils of these boarding schools doing what they can, in addition, many times, to heavy manual labor and household cares, to spread the glad tidings among the heathen. These women often take up this work without compensation, going on the Sabbath day out to some kraal and telling the people the old, old story. Others are employed for a small remuneration in visiting the heathen kraals during the week days and holding Bible meetings, and have thus been a great power for good, especially in reaching the women and children.

Miss Hance has had a larger number of these Bible women under her direction than any other missionary. Both at Umvoti and at Esidumbini has she superintended numbers of these faithful laborers in their work of love. Often through poor health being unable to go out among the people as frequently as she could wish, she has yet exercised her earnest soul in teaching and sending forth these native women to do the work which she would gladly undertake herself. Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Bridgman, and others have also been blessed in directing the efforts of the Bible women at their own fields of labor.

In the past year of wonderful revival in the Zulu Mission the Christian girls, even while in the boarding schools, have been eager and zealous in this work, going out as they were given permission by their teachers to tell of Christ among the heathen, and in their vacations as they went to their homes seeking still to let their light shine.

Not only at the time of this great awakening, but in former years, on some of the stations it has been common for some of the Christian girls to accompany the native preacher as he went to the kraals and sing gospel songs and assist him as they were able in teaching the word. To the Zulu, music comes as naturally as to the blacks in our own land. They will sing for hours at a time without seeming to weary, and the gospel of song is a fruitful means of reaching the ear, and thus gaining entrance to the hearts of the people.

In our own work among the Zulus one of our Bible women will never be

forgotten. Her early history and sudden blindness in one of her eyes, with her conversion and subsequent life of usefulness, may be familiar to a few of the readers of the *LIFE AND LIGHT*, and her consecration and zeal cannot fail to make a deep impression upon all. Each Sabbath at break of day she rose, and with her Bible in her hand, and many times her baby upon her back, she would go out to a distant kraal to tell the story of a Saviour's love. Seldom would she be hindered by any obstacle, but was indefatigable in this her chosen labor. She was a great help in the women's meeting, always in her place, and ready to lead, or sing, or pray. When we first came to our station she was among the large number who drank beer. When the temperance question was discussed, and the people were urged to leave their loved intoxicant, she seemed an earnest listener, and I was puzzled because she refrained from taking the blue ribbon—the badge of the abstainers.

One morning, at the woman's meeting, she seemed very sad; as she talked the tears were rolling down her cheeks. I was troubled to see this, and asked her, "Why this sadness?" She replied, "My husband will not leave his beer, and I have to grind for him." In making the beer, the women grind the corn, and she felt that she could not do this and be a true abstainer. I advised her to let her husband know how much she disliked to assist in making the beer, and then to do as he told her, but to keep on praying for him. In a short time her husband yielded, and both joined our blue ribbon band. Nomagecke was as anxious to earn money for the Lord as to take the right side in other things. She had a family of children to care for; her husband was poor, and their house very plain and meager in its furnishings; yet she would save all of her little earnings from weaving mats and baskets that she might have money for the Lord. In her last sickness, as she lay upon a mat, on the earth floor of their dwelling, she did not forget this consecrated offering; and as we were on the way to a mission meeting to be absent from our station for some days, we stopped to bid her farewell. We felt that it might be for the last time on earth. She called her husband to her side and asked him to bring her offering; then she laid in my husband's hand a gold ten-shilling piece, saying, as she did so, in her feeble voice: "It is very little. It would have been more, but I had to take a part of it to buy rice while I have been ill." Precious gift! Fit to place beside the widow's mite. That gold piece seemed to me glorified. A few weeks later she was called home.

We tried to make the parting service especially appropriate, she had been such a dear, earnest soul. We lined her rude coffin with cloth of snowy whiteness and soft ferns, and laid her away to rest, feeling that we had lost a loved sister and the mission a consecrated worker. Such lives as hers

leave an impress upon the whole community, and such helpers stay up the hands of the missionaries, and inspire the discouraged workers with hope when the way seems dark and the obstacles to the conversion of the people seem insurmountable. I doubt not that when the books are opened and the deeds of all made known, we shall find that through the labors of these humble Bible women many poor, perishing souls have been gathered into the fold of Christ.

WORK AMONG THE KRAALS AT ESIDUMBINI.

BY MISS L. M. MELLEN.

I FEEL sure that I may be in your thoughts and prayers on this, Miss Hance's calendar day and mine. By a strange coincidence the day for "the work at Esidumbini" fell upon our day for work among the kraals. Miss Hance, since our return from semi-annual meeting, laid out a plan for a band of church workers to go by twos, or threes, or fours (as the case may be), and hold meetings at various points among the kraals on Thursday afternoon. From the many prayers going up at home we felt there ought to be a special blessing on this work, in spite of a thundershower coming up later in the afternoon preventing some of the meetings from being held and some persons from attending.

I went over to the Ehlanzein outstation, where there are four men, about a dozen girls, and two women, in the band of workers. We planned the work for the coming week, had prayer together, and then dispersed to the several points for meetings.

I went with Joseph (the teacher and preacher) to his place, and had a very interesting meeting at one of the old kraals where the head man has heard the gospel ever since a boy, but is steeped in superstition. This seems one of the hardest things for them to overcome. My conversation with him afterwards was something like this:—

"You believe in evil spirits, and you worship them; why can you not believe in a great, good, overruling Spirit, and worship him?"

"Oh! we know there is a God who made everything, but we see that the evil spirits have the greater power, for all our people worship them. We have never seen this Good Spirit."

"Did you ever see an evil spirit, and what good have they ever done you?"

"O yes, I have seen the evil spirits twice. Once I had received a little

cut on my ankle. It was not sore. Soon after a certain snake (which they claim embodies the evil spirits) came into my kraal and I killed it. Then my leg began to swell, extending to the thigh. I nearly died, and sent for a witch doctor, who said that snake I killed was an evil spirit, and I must pacify Satan by sacrificing a cow, which I did, and got well. Another time my dog began cutting up capers all about and climbed on top of the hut and sat there. I called a witch doctor, and he said it was the spirits calling for meat and I must sacrifice, which I did, and it was appeased."

"Yes, that is just what Satan does; he calls for all your cattle and tells you to go through all sorts of foolish customs, but gives you nothing in return. When your end upon earth comes he will not save you, but God's word says you 'will be cast out with him into outer darkness,' with much more of the truth which you can readily imagine.

He acknowledged that my "words were too strong for him," but came to their last and standing excuse that "God has not opened their hearts yet." It is a constant fight against the powers of darkness, and one's conviction of a personal devil grows stronger with every battle.

This has been a week for examining the members of the various "Inquirers' classes" for church membership. Meetings were held three afternoons, and the pastor examined fifty-three persons, seven or more being absent. This number had increased to sixty, and perhaps several over, during the meetings held by Mr. Weavers, of which I have written. The larger number of these have come into classes during the latter part of last year and recently, therefore only a few will be eligible for church membership.

An evangelistic service was held in the afternoon, when there were a number of testimonies for Christ among the heathen women, and one man declared his conversion as the result of a dream he had had of being in heaven sitting with a crowd dressed in prisoners' garb in front of a beautiful palace. A brother and his wife and two friends, who had died Christians, appeared dressed in shining robes, walking upon the "veranda." Upon request he was allowed just a glimpse into this beautiful palace, then the door was shut in his face, and he was told his place was in the broiling sun among those prisoners. His wife had the same dream sometime before; and could not rest till she "found her Saviour." The Christian brother was one of Miss Hance's most trusted men; his prayers are truly being answered. God speaks to these people in mysterious ways, yet one has to warn them against depending on dreams and visions, they are so steeped in superstition. Many are waiting for a dream or a vision to "open their hearts." Their oft repeated excuse is, "God has not opened my heart yet." 'Tis so hard to make them understand that they must open the door themselves.

A FEAST IN ESIDUMBINI.

[Extracts from a private letter.]

BY MRS. MARY TYLER GRAY.

BEFORE leaving this station I wanted to give the people some kind of a pleasure, and decided to give the station women a tea. We had two legs of beef boiled with a thick gravy, eight large loaves of bread, two great dishes the size of washbowls full of soda biscuit, about a hundred oranges, six big jugs of coffee, four pounds of brown sugar, and two pounds of candy. The tables were in the small schoolroom which Miss Crocker uses and which has an earth floor, and is not as cold as the other one. Bright poinsettas and wild flowers of orange hue decorated the tables. A pyramid of oranges was erected in the center and benches were set around. Nearly all the guests brought, at my request, a plate, spoon, knife, and cup or tin of some kind, so that we might not trouble Miss Hance too much.

Thirty-one women appeared, and oh! what a clatter there was! After the native pastor had asked a blessing we passed the meat and gravy, and my little Frances passed the bread. Then they ate till they could eat no more! That is their idea of a real feast. At the close they asked to take home the oranges, candy, and odd bits, to their children. We had speeches which would amuse you much if we could translate them literally. I thanked them for coming, and asked them to live in peace and harmony. They thanked me for the feast, and said I had helped them all to feel loving and friendly. They praised me quite vigorously, and said all my parents' good qualities were embodied in me! They remarked on my mother's gentleness, and goodness, and faithfulness, and said I was her daughter in very truth. They recalled father's bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and merry jokes, and said I was just like him. Then I had to flatter back and say I was glad they were so full of love for us all, and that we did not forget them, and in joy or sorrow they must let us know about them.

It was a joy to revisit this lovely station and to be at home among our own people. I think they enjoyed our mutual admiration, and my appreciation and amusement in all their flattery, because it recalled father's genial ways. I thought up all the funny things I could to tell them; especially petted and lavishly helped all the old women who knew me as a baby. I asked if the mothers from the East had as much as they could eat, and if the sisters from the West could pack down more. Then they made some touching farewell speeches. Josiah's mother said, "Before we part we must sing our dear Mrs. Tyler's hymn, the one she translated for us, her children, 'O How He Loves.'" They sang it very beautifully, and Martha, the pastor's wife, rose

and bid me good-by in the name of all, and thanked me for their happiness. Then I proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Hance, as this was her station, and she had permitted me to have the feast, and had given the oranges. We said her name three times, Miss Hance! Miss Hance! Miss Hance! and then Hip! Hip! Hurrah! How they roared with laughter! We had the same vote for Miss Mellen, who had sent out six huge, steaming jugs of coffee, and made the biscuits. Then old Hannah, the Bible woman, one of mother's old women, rose and thanked God for sending missionaries to this country, and for letting old women come to feasts. She said: "I have been to four feasts in my life; one when Mr. Tyler slaughtered an ox at the time the big church was opened; one when Miss Hance gave a feast to install the native pastor; one when Miss Mary McCornack was married, and now this feast of our own old *Inkozana* (Princess)."

Then two mothers rose and said, "Our babies will be crying and we must go." Several said, "We cannot stir;" and others, "How can we walk?" meaning to testify in a complimentary fashion to their having had a plentiful feast.

At last they went. It was about half past six in the evening and was growing dark, but the moon rose by the time they had all started and it was light and beautiful. They had been at the tea for nearly three hours, and there was not a scrap left. Frances and Bessie, my little girls, enjoyed it nearly as much as the women, and the ladies here were so kind. I mean to have Frances collect pennies this year and send something down to give a feast to the children. Food means so much to these people, especially now, as the locusts have destroyed all the corn crops, and their food has to consist of native potatoes, corresponding to sweet potatoes, beans and various native roots. I quite envied the fine teeth of the old women who were here in 1849,—all as good as ever, as white and apparently as sound.

I have been reading Oberlin's life, by Mrs. Josephine Butler, and the native pastor is coming to have me give him an outline of Oberlin's life as pastor among the humble people in Bau de la Roche, among the hills and valleys, and show him how he can help his people here in practical ways. This pastor is a very tall, large, splendid-looking man, dignified and rather solemn, but he really has not much knowledge, and Miss Hance has to help him a great deal about station affairs. She had a most impressive visiting delegation, last Tuesday, of Swimane, a great chief, and his chief men, about twenty great big heathen men, with head rings, etc., to discuss matters about the station reserve. Swimane is a jovial, handsome man, and all these people remembered my father and, had many talks with him in the old days about tribal matters. Miss Hance promised these men not to let an ambitious chief from another district come into the ancestral possessions of

Swimane, and to do what she could with the government to prevent the tribes from being mixed up. There never was a place where these old tribal feuds were so strong, and she has to sometimes protect ancient rights in order to keep peace. One Sunday people of two tribes were here, bringing a sword as a sign that they were going to fight. She had a native policeman take the sword, and said she would have every man arrested who proposed to fight on the station ground in front of the church, and thus prevented a serious quarrel.

About the meetings: I have taken two or three a week. There are two hundred people in the different Bible classes, and ninety-five who wish to join the church. Old seed sown is indeed causing a wonderful harvest, and it seems as if every home, every hillside, every valley, was saturated with memories of father's and mother's work here. It is so beautiful!

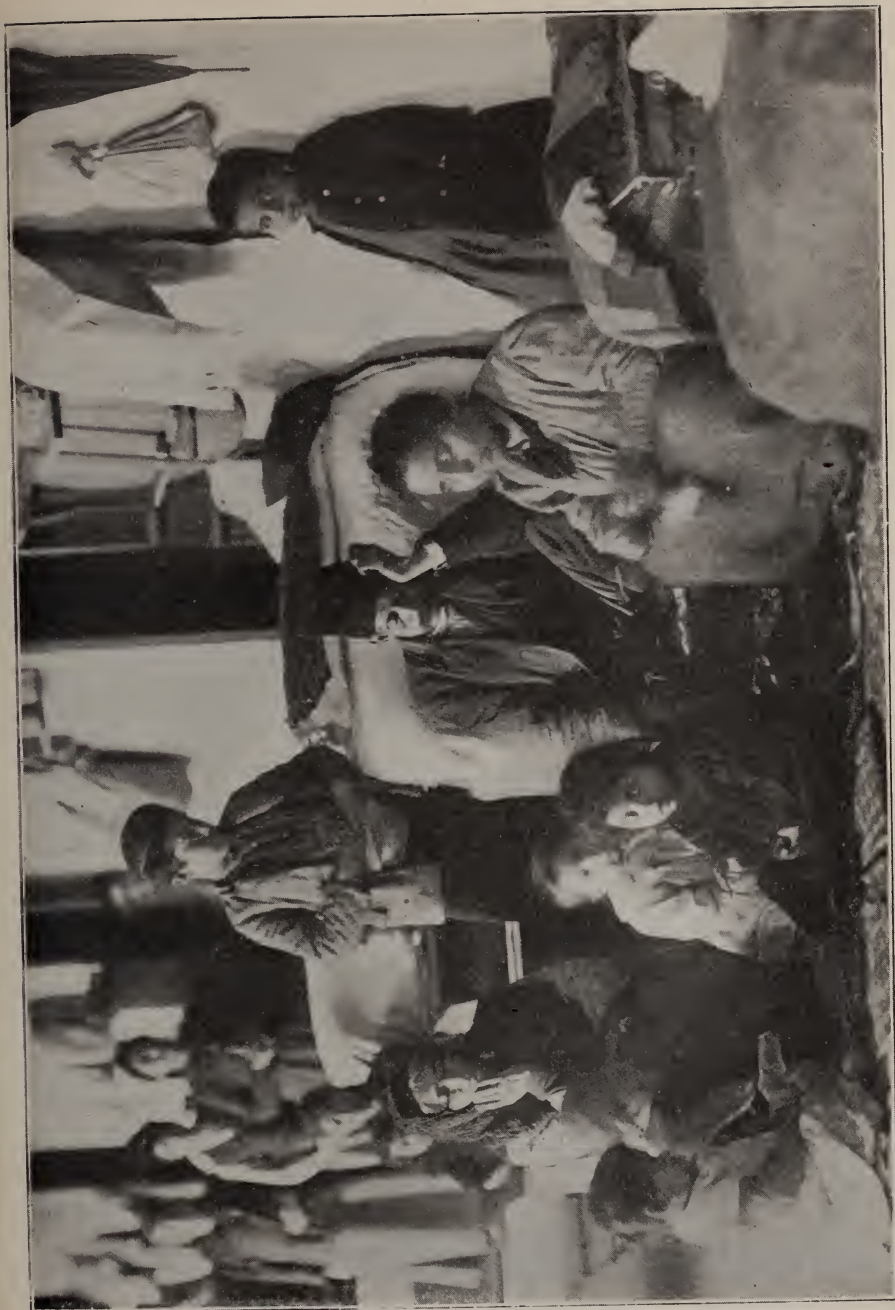
BULGARIA.

RELIEF WORK IN VARNA.

BY MISS KATE B. FRASER.

DURING the awful last weeks of August, 1896, and September, most of the Armenians who escaped the sword fled terror-stricken from Constantinople. Every ship that left the harbor carried large numbers of refugees, who did not much care where they should be landed outside of Turkey. Many went to Egypt, Greece, and France, but the largest number landed at Varna, which is beautifully situated on a large, open bay on the Black Sea, and is the chief port of Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian government received the refugees very cordially, showing very practical sympathy in providing free railway passes, buildings (to some extent) for housing them, as well as free doctors and medicines in cases of illness. To relieve the congestion caused by such an influx into a small town, many were sent to inland places,—to Philippopolis, Bourgos, Roustchouck, etc. At the former two places Dr. Clarke, of the American Board, superintended the distribution of relief, and at Roustchouck, Miss Long, of Constantinople. At Varna it was my privilege to dispense the generous sums of money sent from England and Germany. My headquarters were in the great hospital at the farther end of the town, in which 800 people were living. Well do I remember my first walk down through the long wards, where men, women, and children squatted in family groups on the

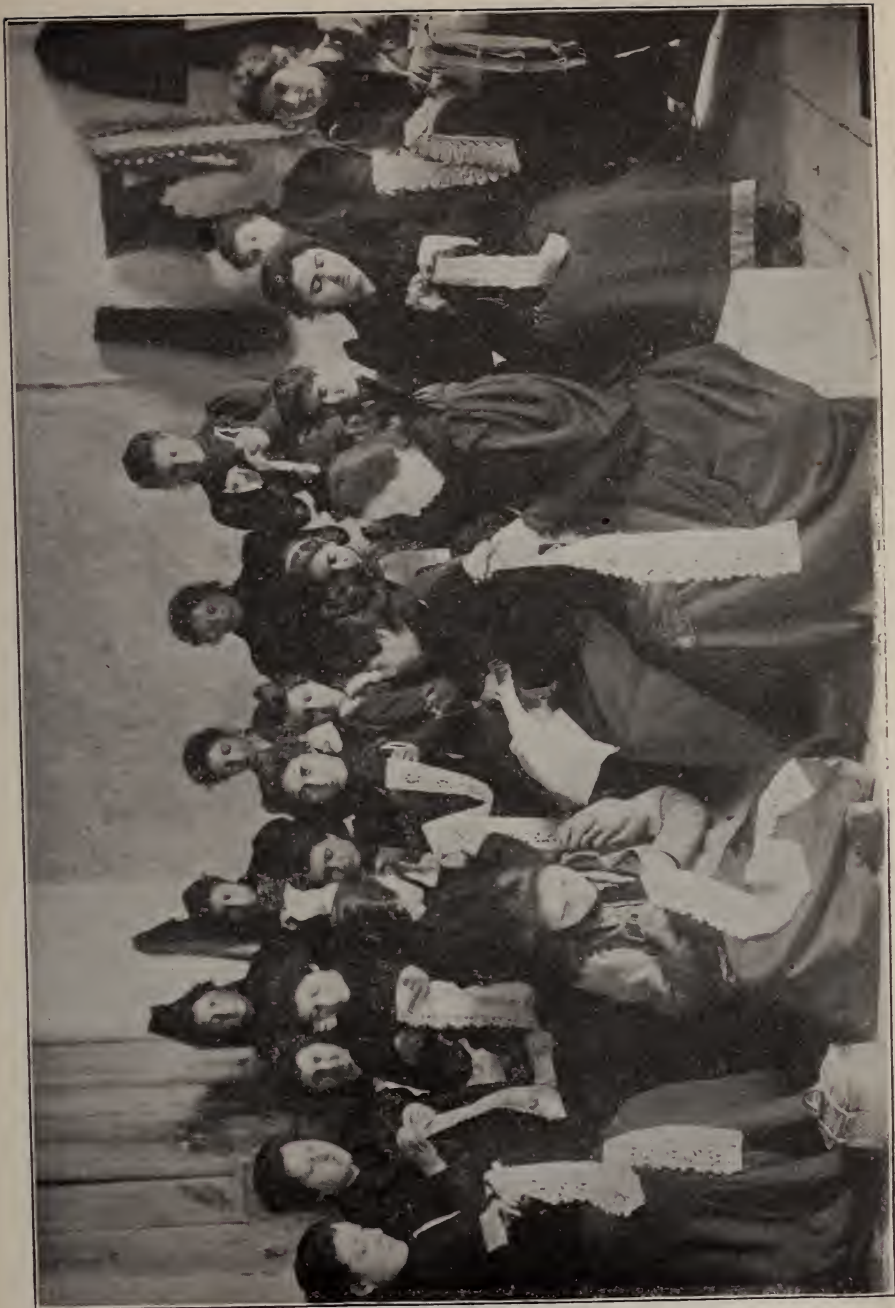


FAMILY IN THE HOSPITAL.

dirty floor; the little ones, with great, black eyes staring at one from pinched faces already grown old. They were as quiet as their parents, who sat around with heads bowed in despair, not caring to even make themselves as comfortable as they might have been. How soon all this was changed, and it became one of my pleasures to take my daily tour of inspection down through the clean, bright wards, where there was ever a warm welcome from the parents and a gambol with some of the little ones. Three of my pets are sitting in the foreground of the family group from the hospital.

I want to tell you something about my helpers, all but one of whom were refugees. One was a graduate of Robert College; another was educated at Marsovan; a third had a card from the Bible House, Constantinople, certifying to his twenty-five years' faithful service as colporteur. A well-to-do Armenian of high standing from Hasskeyu came one evening in great distress to ask aid for his wife and children, who were all sick in bed at home. Cold drops of perspiration were falling from his face, and his whole frame trembled as he made his request, and begged in God's name that he might be allowed to earn it instead of receiving free aid. The doctor was sent home with him, and all necessary help was given. The following day he came back to become one of my most faithful helpers. Another man, a younger, came for work, that he might be able to care for his mother and sisters. Their only remaining possession, although the family had been in affluent circumstances, was the blood-stained bed on which the father had been killed at home in Constantinople. These men having passed through the blackest depths themselves, knew how to work for their fellow-sufferers, and during the whole winter they served very faithfully.

From the refugees the cry was always for work rather than free aid, but it was difficult to find employment in the crowded town of Varna. However, clothing, bedding, etc., were necessary, and their preparation provided work for many. Women who could sew were gathered at the hospital and given material to make up into dresses, receiving a daily wage, by which they could support their families. Tailors were employed in another part of the hospital to make clothing for men and boys. Cloth was bought in Varna, and we received also a present of several bales of heavy military cloth from Russia. Shoemakers were also kept busy; others made beds and blankets; and thus in making clothing, shoes, and bedding, about two hundred and fifty families, representing about thirteen hundred souls, were kept alive. Many were started as peddlers, being given a capital of £2, receiving a license to sell in the streets from the municipality. Shoe kits were given requiring but a small outlay, with good results. Tools and materials were provided if there was possible use for them rather than free aid.



EMBROIDERY CLASS.

The Constantinople women excel in fine needlework, therefore in December an embroidery department was opened, from which most beautiful work was turned out for sale in England. You will see in the photographs that they are making lace, white embroidery, very lovely fire and door screens, beautiful portières, center pieces, tablecloths, etc. Friends in England have shown their interest by holding bazaars for the sale of these embroideries, and until now the work has gone on. We hope to keep the girls employed this winter, for the need is as great as it was last year.

In January, Mr. Adams, an English gentleman, came out and started three workshops for men; seventy-five were given employment as carpenters, blacksmiths, coppersmiths and hammock-makers, thus again reducing the free list. He remained until the shops were well started, then, committing them to my care, he returned to England.

In January, too, a school was opened in one of the large rooms at the hospital. It was primarily intended only for the hospital children, but as arrangements could easily be made by which we could use a second room, a few pupils were received from outside, making the roll call number almost two hundred. The photograph of the children does not show the best of the bright and happy faces. Such radiant faces! I love to remember how delighted they were when I announced that the school should go on this year also. It has been removed into a large building in the town, and is being supported by the English Society of Friends. Observe the little children, then look at the women and girls in the embroidery rooms; are such only worthy to be treated with dishonor, to be driven from their homes by fire and sword?

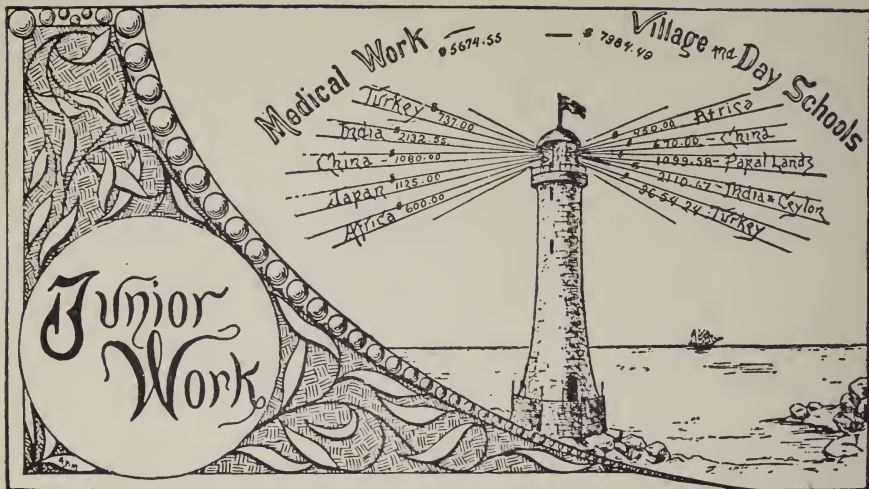
On Sunday the refugees went to Gregorian service in the small church in Varna,—at least they tried to go, but almost two thirds of the number present each Sunday had to stand in the courtyard. It was a glad sight to see so many crowding together to worship God, and to thank him for care and help given in their time of trouble.

The children and many of the hospital women could not attend service outside, therefore I tried to spend a part of Sabbath morning talking with them and teaching them hymns. We had such a delightful little Christmas service. When it was over some of the women said they never quite understood the bareness of the surroundings at the birth of Christ until they came to Varna and bore their own children in the great empty hospital. Many of them seemed to realize His unutterable love as never before.

The help sent to the refugees last winter reclaimed many from black unbelief. It deepened the faith of others, causing them to say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."



CHILDREN IN THE SCHOOL AT VARNA.



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

VILLAGE WORK NEAR SAKANJIMBA.

BY DR. ROSE A. BOWER.

LAST month I made twenty-one visits to as many different villages. To-day I went to one a mile and a half away. I went there two weeks ago, and had a nice visit in several of the houses. To-day I found a woman doctoring a child by one of their witch ceremonies. A fire of sticks was made outside the house, a pot of water was placed near; some stones were heated and put in the water to warm it. As the steam arose the sick child, held in its mother's arms, was enclosed all around with a cloth,—a steam bath, if you please,—then its face was washed, and afterwards its whole body. A little brush of small branches was dipped in the water, and the child was sprinkled with it; then it was fanned with a small tray they use in winnowing. The mother was well fanned also; the woman in the meantime passing the articles used from one hand to the other, in various directions, stepping over the mother's head backward and forward. This was to confuse the spirits, so they would lose their way when wandering about. Every bit of the meal, salt, bran, bushes, and the two small chickens used in the performance, was carried outside the village and thrown away; the chickens

were let loose to run again. It was the most foolish ceremony that can be imagined, yet they have perfect faith in it.

Last week I went to an ingathering of corn. When they shell their corn from the cob, called *sasa*, and bring it to the village to store in their own homes, a great deal of beer is made, and then they invite a company of people: women to help shell the corn, and men, women and children to carry it in. They walk along the paths with great baskets of corn on their heads, singing. I went with the woman who was making the "bee," starting at seven in the morning; she took all the corn from the little hut where it was stored, when it was husked, and put it in a large pile on the ground. Other women came, and they sat down by it and, with sticks about a foot long, pounded on the cob till the corn flew off. Then the cobs were separated, and the corn gathered up and placed in baskets.

I sat by the women, talked with them and sang some of our hymns, and tried to make the most of my opportunities. The woman roasted corn for me in the ashes, went to the brook for water, and tried to make it pleasant for me. We came home at noon, and I walked in single file with the rest. The sun was very hot, and I was tired and hungry, for the field was about two miles away, which made a walk of nearly four miles. Yet I feel that it paid to go. It helped me to gain the good will of the women, as I could not have done otherwise.

I go to the villages a good deal, and yet it is hard to reach the people. They are always busy, and to see the women one has to go very early in the morning or late in the evening. This morning I milked two goats, cooked my breakfast and ate it, attended to three patients, and got off by a quarter to seven, and yet by the time I reached the village some had already gone to pound corn and to the fields.

To-day and yesterday I had to manage the school alone. After the lessons, when the sewing class began, the little ones were soon fighting and shouting, rolling over on the floor, climbing on the desks and up in the windows, till I had to turn them out of doors.

From thirty to forty, ranging from ten to seventeen years of age, are all I can manage, when there is a continual demand of "Give me some thread," "My thread has a knot in it," "I can't thread my needle," "Where shall I sew?" "I have done this," "I want more patches," and so on. We cannot help being crushed trying to do the work of three people. I cannot say to the children, I can only manage so many of you. If I did I should have none. If these people do anything they do it in crowds, so if I have sixty children in a school, equal to three times the number at home, I must do my best with them. They are very lawless, and have no

idea of minding anything that is said to them. I have a morning school of all the lads in the place,—thirty or more,—and in a short time a schoolhouse in a group of villages, about two miles away, will be finished, and I am to have the school there. Just how I am to do it all I do not know.

HINTS FOR LEADERS OF CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES.

WE have now a new opportunity for the mission circles. The children are invited to become stockholders in the Foochow Girls' School building, and we depend upon the members of the circles to reach children not yet enlisted in foreign missionary work. We have heard a great deal about Foochow and its school, and most of us are hard at work earning money for the new building. The appeal, with its pathetic request straight from the lips of the winsome little Chinese girl whose portrait looks up at us from the cover, is in our hands. We hope that every mission circle leader will give as much time and enthusiasm as she can spare to the securing of stockholders. The idea of owning stock and of possessing the dainty certificates has proved attractive to children always, but like all good plans it needs and repays personal effort. We wish very much that all the children within our borders, those in church and Sunday school, and even those outside altogether, might be asked to buy stock in the Foochow building. It seems possible that the mission circle members could find here satisfactory, practical work a little outside the usual lines, and on that account less difficult and burdensome. Perhaps they could enlist new recruits by calling stockholders' meetings independent of the regular society meetings, with a special programme and fewer restrictions for membership. Information about the mission station at Foochow is abundant, and easily acquired. The new pamphlet on China has two lessons, with illustrations entirely concerned with this city and its mission work. At the rooms of the Woman's Board in Boston are kept on file half a dozen letters written by the Foochow schoolgirls to the girls in America, which for charm and pathos can hardly be surpassed, and of which copies may be obtained on application. If only the mission circle leaders and the boys and girls will interest themselves especially in this new plan, take as many shares as possible (any one may buy as many as he likes), show their certificates to their friends and ask them to take shares, in a very short time we shall have sold all the stock and raised the necessary \$6,000, and may look forward confidently to putting up the fine new building which will be big enough to hold our little friend in the picture and all her friends, who now have to stay at home because there is no room for them at Foochow.

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

With great regret we are obliged to report a still greater falling off of contributions, there being in the month ending December 18th \$906.49 less than for the same month last year. This makes the total decrease for the two months \$3,706.55. This makes it absolutely necessary that we set ourselves at work in earnest to provide for our treasury. When this reaches our readers there will be nine months of the year before us. There is no doubt that with earnest, aggressive effort, such as the officers and members well know how to make, this deficiency can be made up and a substantial advance be secured. We trust that those societies who were not able to obtain the ten per cent advance last year are ready to undertake it for the year to come, and that those who did succeed will see to it that their contributions do not fall behind. With persistent work and prayer, with God's blessing, we shall be able to close the year with gladness and thanksgiving.

INDIA'S FAMINE ENDED?

According to the daily press the English officials are ready to report that the terrible India famine is over, which probably means that there is no longer necessity for the immense relief work carried on by the government. While the height of the suffering may have passed, since the blessed rain gives promise of coming harvest, yet we must not forget the terrible scars that it has left in its train. Weakened bodies, each one an easy prey to disease, hundreds of families where the bread winner has died, leaving helpless women and children absolutely penniless, widows and orphans whose little all has gone to buy food, men and women hopeless and helpless, sitting down by the roadside without the energy and courage to take up again the struggle for existence, present a pitiful picture indeed. One instance has come to our notice of a child rescued by Mrs. Karmarkar, and adopted as their own by her husband and herself, and is described as follows: "She was almost starved; the hair on her head looked like grass, and long hair had grown on her face till she looked more like a monkey than a human being. Mrs. Karmarkar oiled the face, and gently pulled out one of these long hairs after another until not a trace of them remains. She has been cared for and wisely trained, until she has grown to be an attractive, obedient, and sweet mannered child. Those who saw her six months ago can with difficulty believe that this dear child is the same being as the little animal they then saw."

PLAGUE IN SHOLAPUR, INDIA. It is with the greatest sorrow that we hear of terrible ravages from plague in Sholapur. The last report, November 26th, gives the number of cases as fifty each day, a majority of them proving fatal. It is also stated that out of sixty-five thousand inhabitants, fifty thousand had fled in terror from the city. Our schools had been closed by government order. Mrs. Gates and Miss Harding, who had just arrived and had not become acclimated, were compelled to go to the hill station at Maharbleswar, taking the children of the families with them. The other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Miss Fowler, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairbank, were remaining in the city to care for the panic-stricken people about them. One case of plague occurred in Mr. Fairbank's compound. She was a Christian woman, and much prayer was offered for her by friends in the church. At the time of writing she was recovering.

FROM PUNDITA RAMABAI. Pundita Ramabai writes to some English friends as follows: "The plague has appeared in Poona, and is causing much distress in the city. You will be interested to know that there are nearly three hundred famine girls in my charge at this time. I want you to pray for the salvation of my new children. I am glad to say that some sixty of these dear girls have accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and are showing signs of a real change of heart by their conduct. Please pray for me, also, that I may be kept very close to the Lord, and follow him in all things."

HELP THE PERIODICALS. Among the resolutions passed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church in recommending an enlargement of eight pages, specially for Branch uses, in the *Woman's Missionary Friend*, we find the following:—

Resolved, That we recommend that any additional expense incurred by this arrangement shall be met by the Branches proportionately, either by securing new advertisements, new subscribers, or an equivalent in money until the subscription of the *Friend* shall be sufficiently increased to carry the expense.

Resolved, That missionaries and all others addressing meetings in the interests of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society be requested to make the publications of the Society prominent, and *never omit taking subscriptions upon every such occasion* wherever feasible.

Resolved, That we recommend that the Literature Committee consist of [a number of ladies]; and we further recommend the creation of an Advisory Board, composed of one member elected by each Branch, whose duty it shall be by correspondence to assist the Literature Committee by

suggestions, by presenting the needs of their respective Branches, and in any way the said Committee may desire.

An example of co-operation worthy to be followed.

OUR CHINESE MINISTER. It is an interesting fact that the new Chinese minister in Washington is a Christian man, a member of the Church of England. His suite nearly all speak English, and one of them, who, it is expected, will be consul-general, belongs to a well-known Christian family in Hong Kong.—*Ex.*

A CHRISTIAN KING IN UGANDA. Those who have been studying the life of Mackay in Uganda will be interested to know that Mwanga's son, Dandi Chwas, a young child, was declared king in place of his father, on the fourteenth of last August. Archdeacon Walker writes of it in *The Church Missionary Gleaner*: "After the reading of the proclamation at Mr. Wilson's private house, the chiefs went to Mengo. The young child, Dandi, was produced, and, in accordance with ancient custom, was set upon the seat of his forefathers by the chief, Mugana. He was arrayed in a bark cloth and a shield; two spears were held over him, and it was proclaimed that King Dandi had 'eaten' Uganda. A small girl, about eight years of age, was then arrayed in a bark cloth as the Lubuga. She is also called king, and is regarded as the king's sister. She receives great honor and considerable wealth. For the first time in its history Uganda has a Christian king. Now the three called Kabaka are all Protestants: the king, the queen mother, and the queen sister. A good start has been made, for although the king is a child, yet in malice also he is a babe, and this is an advantage no king of Uganda has ever enjoyed before, I should suppose."

BICYCLES IN UGANDA. To hear of bicycles in Uganda, a place which was an unknown wilderness a few years ago, takes one's breath away! Mr. Macallister, British Vice-Consul for Uganda, writes to the *London Times* that they "are constantly seen on the streets, and one of the missionaries has ridden all the way from the coast to Mengo on a pneumatic tire wheel." We can hardly think of King Mtesa on a bicycle, but he was a person of decidedly "advanced" ideas, and if he had lived, we should have expected that electric lights, trolley cars and subways, X-rays, and all the modern improvements would soon follow the bicycle in Uganda.

SONGS IN THE WILDERNESS. It is pleasant to hear of the Christian songs that are rising on the air all through the Dark Continent. Lately we hear of the baptism of converts among the Ruwenzori mountains, near Lake Albert Edward Nyanza, singing, "I am coming, Lord, coming now to thee," and

“O happy day, that fixed my choice,” the very words that have so moved our hearts in this Christian land.

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE NYASA. Word has come from Rev. Donald Fraser, the gifted young student volunteer, who did so much for the movement in England, of the wonderful ingathering in the region near Lake Nyasa. He baptized two hundred and thirty-nine in a six weeks' tour; more than were baptized in all the first twenty years of the Mission. Of the native workers he writes: “The ingathering has come largely through God's blessing on the native teachers. They are the evangelists of their own people. They are ignorant, perhaps,—a simple sum in arithmetic would puzzle them. They know but one book; but they have met God, and know where to find him.”

LI HUNG CHANG AND THE BIBLE. Dr. Coltman, of Peking, relates the following very remarkable interview with that eminent Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang:—

At a recent visit I made to His Excellency Viceroy Li Hung Chang, I found him reading a beautiful Russia leather bound copy of the New Testament, that had just been sent him by the Rev. George Owen, of the London Mission. The type and paper were of the same kind as that presented to the Empress Dowager on her Jubilee celebration a few years ago.

The old gentleman was so intent on his reading that he did not notice me for several minutes, and as I could see the title of the book, I put up a silent but earnest prayer that God might send him some message in his reading that would appeal to his heart. In a little while he raised his eyes, and looking attentively at me, said, “Dr. Coltman,” or as he addresses me in Chinese, “Man Tai Fu, do you believe this book?” “Your Excellency,” I replied, “if I did not believe that book I should not have the honor of being your physician. I thoroughly believe it.” “Are you sure it is not all rumor and report?” he again asked. “Very sure,” I replied. “How do you know?” he continued. “By a test given in the book itself. Does it not say in the book that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, nor a good tree bad fruit? Your Excellency has admitted to me previously that the condition of the people in Western lands far surpasses anything in the East, and I can assure you that the happiness and prosperity of the various nations you have recently visited is in direct proportion to the nearness with which they live to the precepts taught in that book. Would that your Excellency also believed it.” “Why, I believe that you would like me to turn Christian,” he said, in a half-joking, half-earnest tone. “Not only you,” I replied, “but your young Emperor and all his people.” “We have Confucius,” he replied, “and you have your Jesus; are they not much the same?” “By their fruit ye shall know them,” I replied. Then, before we could carry on the conversation

further, important dispatches were brought in, and the Viceroy had to give them his attention ; but as the servant took the book from his hands to place it in his library, he said : “ Don’t carry it to the library ; take it to my bedroom table. I wish to look at it again.”—*The Christian Intelligencer*.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS NEWTON, FOCHOW, CHINA.

OUR annual meeting is over. It lasted seven days, besides two days at the end which were occupied with the Christian Endeavor Convention. Four half days were filled with the women’s meetings, which were well attended and very interesting. One advance step has been planned by the Woman’s Missionary Society in response to the increasing call for Bible women. They propose to take three women who have already been under instruction for some time, and give them three years of special training for the work ; supporting them from the funds of the Society. Pastor Ting and Mrs. Lau are to give these women instruction in the forenoon, and the afternoons are to be given to evangelistic work with some of the older Bible women. This plan was matured by a committee, consisting of the pastors’ wives and Mrs. Lau. They felt there should be a theological seminary for women as well as for men, but at present they can only support three. I trust it is the beginning of something permanent.

The Christian experience of many of the girls in the school has deepened the past few years, and they love and study their Bibles as never before. They are not perfect yet, but they give us great joy. Several have asked to be received to the church next Sunday, and if the standard were not higher than it used to be probably the number would be much larger. One of them was expelled from school, or, rather, suspended for a time. Before she came back to school she wished to unite with the church, but her father told her she must come back here and prove to us the sincerity of her changed purpose. It has taken her more than a year to do it, but I think all are now satisfied that she is a true Christian.

FROM MRS. M. C. WINSOR, SIRUR, INDIA.

We are now at last able to say there is no plague in the station, except at the hospital, where there are forty-two cases. We hope that with the return of the inhabitants, who are scattered to the four winds, that it may not return with them. All are obliged to remain in quarantine ten days, and to pay a tax of four annas for each person.

You would not know our little busy, happy station, so lifeless, so solemn ; all the cavalry have gone, all the European officers have fled. The Chris-

tians are some of those who remain, and are living in shanties, but they are happy; there are no clouds; they trust. Five different families have been in the segregation camp, and I have had the new experience of clothing them all as they came out. A great many of their garments are burned; but we are grateful that so few Christian families have been taken. Our school inspector has been in hospital, and is now in camp for another twenty days with his little boy; he has been happy, and thinks that God means him to work there as he can. When the head master was in the camp his daily devotions were listened to right in the camp. "The master prays," "The master prays," was the word passed down the department, and they listened with great quietness and reverence. Sometimes they said: "We will become Christians. To-morrow we may have to go to the hospital, never to return. To-day let us do right." It was a solemn time with them. Others said: "Christ is true; our gods are false. Tell us of these things." So Thankubai and Sarubai, our two Bible women, had hands and hearts full of work for Christ in the camp.

FROM MISS BEULAH LOGAN.

Miss Logan went out in the last trip of the Morning Star to join her mother in Ruk, Micronesia. We make extracts from a letter to a personal friend, written at Kusaie on her way to Ruk.

I am sitting under a large breadfruit tree near the girls' school. The beautiful harbor is before me, and the Star about a mile away. Behind me and at either side are the mountains, covered with the richest green. Just under the hill is the boys' school, and at my right is a beautiful little river bubbling over the stones and hurrying down to the sea. After four weeks of ship life these surroundings are very refreshing. . . . There have been some dark hours and times of heart sickness, but they do not last long. I think of the good mother all alone; she is brave, and I must be also. Then there is the dear father whose memory is so dear to me; I know it would please him.

Later, nearing Ruk.—God has been very good to me. He daily gives strength and courage for the work before me. We have been spared many uncomfortable experiences on the voyage, and we are almost to Ruk. Miss Olin and Miss Hoppin are such good companions; both are very dear. I often wonder how mother will feel when she knows I am on the Star. She will not know it till we go on shore. I think it will be quite a shock for her, but I believe she will be glad.

FROM DR. JULIA BISSELL, OF AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

There have been only some imported cases of plague in Ahmednagar City so far, but in a suburb, not a mile away, many cases have occurred. The

market there has been closed, also my mother's school, and the street in which most of the cases were found has been evacuated. House-to-house visitation and inspection has been started in the city, that no cases may be concealed in the houses. As one of the Plague Committee remarked, "Each man is most anxious that his neighbor's house should be thoroughly searched."

We have at last had good rains in Ahmednagar. During the last six weeks abundant rain has fallen frequently, and already all relief camps have been broken up but one. From this one work the city of Ahmednagar will reap lasting benefit, we hope, in the construction of a large reservoir which will insure a good supply of water at all times. For this we shall be grateful.

As might be expected, all doctors have had their hands full during the famine. The people, especially the children, fall an easy prey to disease of almost any kind when they have to go for days without proper food. Hundreds of sick have come in from villages far and near, and from the relief camps as well. I treated two thousand patients at the dispensary in September, and then many were turned away, and many more were treated at our house. I only wish I could have done more. It was my hope that our wards would be ready before this, but in unforeseen ways God has prevented me so far from accomplishing that, and of course there is some very good reason for it.

We are all glad and thankful that we could be in India this year, when the people have needed us so much more than usual. Many a day when duties pressed heavily, and cries for help, which we could not always meet, sounded most loudly in our ears, I have thought how much harder it would have been to be in even the beloved homeland at such a time as this, and be unable to reach out a helping hand to the sufferers.

FROM MISS GERTRUDE R. HANCE, ESIDUMBINI, SOUTH AFRICA.

I have over fifty now in my class for heathen women. They have all grown up in heathenism, and their hands have become too stiff with hard work to easily learn how to hold a needle, or cut and make a dress. Sometimes they have friends who help them to make their clothes, but more often they have no way of getting or making them. We always try to make a woman pay three shillings for a dress, either in work, money, or something that she can bring, as it is better for them to do so. But if they are too old and feeble, and have no friends to help them, we give them dresses and other garments when we see that they are in earnest.

You have no doubt heard of the great revival that has been in our mission this year. We have known nothing like it before. I think it has

been broader and deeper at some of our stations than at Esidumbini, but there has been much interest here, which continues. A good number have, as we trust, come from darkness into the light of God's love and salvation.

For over two years we have had a great scourge of locusts. Some kinds of crops they have continually destroyed. Now the whole of South Africa is infested with rinderpest. It has reached our station; we heard yesterday of two cattle that died of it quite near. It is not two months since it came into Natal, and now it is raging fearfully in all directions. Many thousands of cattle have already died. White farmers, with herds of four or five hundred cattle, some have saved a few, others have lost all. The government here got out noted English and German specialists to see what could be done. Many cattle have been inoculated in various ways: in some herds the disease has been checked, in others inoculation has brought the disease. The heathen people are very superstitious about the disease, and in many instances will not allow inoculation. Within a few weeks I fear there will be few cattle left here.

MISSIONARY MOTIVES.

1. WHY should I study missions?

Because my education is sadly deficient if I am ignorant of this, the most important work in the world. Because a study of missions will greatly increase my faith in Christianity and Christianity's God. It is God at work. Because as a Christian I cannot otherwise grasp the full mission of the Church. Because as one who has a personal duty in regard to missions, I cannot intelligently discharge this duty without informing myself on the subject.

2. Why should I give to missions?

Because it is the most paying investment. Because of the joy that comes to the giver. Because I am only a steward of the money that God has given me, and I must use it for his glory. Because I am put to shame by the liberality of heathen converts. Because it is God's will that missionaries should go, and that I should help them (Romans x. 14). Because I am grateful to God for what he has given to me (John iii. 16). Because souls are dying, and I may help to save them.

3. Why should I pray for missions?

Because the world needs prayer. Because in the past, missions have prospered as believing prayer has increased. Because God has conditioned the success of missions on prayer. Because I am commanded to pray. Because

I can plead great promises. Because the prayer of faith is always answered. Because Christ is praying for those for whom he died.

4. Why should I be a missionary?

Because in none other than Christ is there salvation. Because multitudes have not heard the gospel and are dying. Because the doors of the nations are open. Because the need of more missionaries is urgent, unceasing, imperative. Because Christ says, "Go ye into all the world." Because Christ gave up everything that I might be saved.—*Missionary Pastor.*

Our Work at Home.

HOW TO INTEREST THE UNINTERESTED.

BY MRS. ROBERT M'CONAUGHY.

How many of us remember the old-fashioned missionary meeting,—the little group of half a dozen old ladies who met from month to month in the church, and kept alive from year to year the feeble flame of missionary interest? All honor to their memory; they did the best they knew, and helped to pave the way for the active, energetic societies of the present day.

You recall those who attended the missionary meeting perfectly well. There is no strain upon the memory in so doing. First, there was the minister's wife, who came because she considered it her duty; then one or two of the elders' wives, who came for like reasons. Then there was the dear old lady whose second cousin had been a missionary in India, and who came because she thought the family interest demanded it. They would come, one by one, in a timid way into the great, bare, empty church,—which always looked twice as big and empty on a week day as on Sunday,—and after waiting for half an hour or so, in which they felt themselves growing smaller and more insignificant every minute, the president would announce a hymn, and in trembling accents, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" would find its lonely way down the empty aisles and through the silent pews, startling the church mice and arousing a wondering response from the cricket in the gallery. Then the minister's wife (always the minister's wife) would pray, asking no small favors, but quietly presenting the whole world in her petition, home work and foreign work together; not asking God's blessing on any particular country, or mission, or worker, but impartially covering the entire universe. One or two of the other sisters would read some articles from a magazine or book, selected entirely at

random, and read in such a manner that not one of the other six could understand a word of what she was saying; and then, after sundry dreadful pauses, the meeting would break up and the ladies would go home, only to meet the next month and go through precisely the same dreary routine.

Was it any wonder that it was hard to interest the uninterested in missions? Was it a cause for surprise that if any outsider ever was inveigled into that meeting, they never by any chance came again? Far be it from me to disparage the efforts of those good women, but rather by comparing the missionary meeting of that day with the possibilities of the present, to try to realize how highly we are favored. With missionary literature of every description to be had for the asking, with books, magazines, and even newspapers contributing to our use, with scores of bright, capable women in our churches, with the example and influence of hundreds of other wide awake societies all about us, ought it not to be an easy thing to make the work of missions so interesting that every woman in the church would take an active part therein?

A few days since I had the pleasure of attending the State Federation of Women's Clubs, at Fremont. As I heard the different phases of club work actively and earnestly discussed, and as I heard how many hours of the week some of these women spend in preparation for their clubs, I could not help thinking that if we would spend half the time and energy in trying to make our missionary work a success, what wonderful results we should see! The lecture room would no longer answer for the missionary meeting, but the audience rooms of our churches would be filled as well. I would not disparage intellectual culture as developed by our clubs,—I am an enthusiastic club woman,—but when I stop to think that Christian women willingly spend from six to twelve hours a month in the meetings of their club, studying civics, Shakespeare, or modern art, and cannot spend two hours a month in a missionary meeting, studying the work their Heavenly Father has given them to do, I am astounded.

It is not because it is dry and uninteresting in comparison with these other studies. There is no more absorbing topic before us to-day than that of Christian missions. When we consider the magnitude of this work, its marvelous growth in the past fifty years, its wonderful results in the ultimate civilization of the world, I repeat again—it is the most interesting subject that can be presented us for investigation. The story of privations and perils, of hopes and fears, of persecution and trial, of danger and death, is enough to stir the most indifferent.

But I must remember that I have not yet told how to interest the uninterested in this wonderful subject. In the first place, I would not have a

missionary society of fifteen or twenty, say, when there are one or two hundred women in the church who do not belong to it. How else would I have it, do you ask? Well, I am of the opinion that every woman who belongs to the church should be considered a member of the missionary society; that just so soon as her name is entered upon the church roll she becomes a member of the society without further parley. I would have the church divided into eleven districts, and would place over each a chairman, whose duty it would be to prepare the monthly programme with the assistance of her district, giving to every single woman in her district something to do. The various programmes should be assigned to the different districts at the first of the year, so they will have ample time for preparation. The twelfth meeting I would have in the form of a general review, under the charge of the president. This plan is, if I mistake not, in successful operation in a number of churches. This plan does away with all this trying to get the ladies to join our society. They would already be in it and couldn't get out. The monthly missionary meeting would then be as general as the midweek prayer meeting. Each district ought to have a different topic each year, so that they might become generally informed. As to the programmes, I would like to emphasize the three M's—Maps, Magazines, and Music. A good large map, drawn in colored crayons on muslin, is a great help to a programme; in fact, I do not see how it can be carried on without one. Our society now possesses a complete set of these home-made maps; not very artistic to be sure, but clear and plain, with the stations carefully marked, and sometimes important statistics in one corner. On review day these maps can all be hung up, and five or six questions and answers can be prepared concerning each country, the questions to be read by the leader, and the answers, plainly written or printed, to be distributed among the members.

An entire programme can be successfully conducted on the question and answer plan. Let the leader prepare a list of questions concerning the country, its population, physical features, manners, and customs of the people, the mission stations, number of workers, kind and amount of work done, encouraging features, greatest needs, causes for discouragement, etc; the answers to be read by the different members in response to the questions given by the leader. This plan will be very much more interesting than a paper embracing the whole subject, since it gives everybody something to do. Magazines come next in the list, and what a help they are, to be sure. Unfortunately so few take them. An energetic magazine committee or secretary of literature should be in every society, and should make a thorough canvass of the membership every year to solicit subscriptions.

If people don't know anything about a subject, they can't be interested in it. The motto, "Know and you will feel, know and you will pray, know and you will give," ought to be printed in letters three feet high and hung in every church.

One can't be interested in mission work by picking up a magazine now and then and reading a stray item; but one must become so familiar with the stations and workers that they will be as familiar as the names of nearby towns and cities, and the names of the missionaries themselves as familiar as those of our next-door neighbors. Then we can pray intelligently, and give intelligently, instead of praying for the whole world in a vague way, and dropping our money into a bottomless chasm, not knowing where it goes. You can state the question in two ways: If the women of our church once become informed they can't help but be interested; and if they become interested they will want to be informed.

Now for my third M, music. Don't sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," or "Speed Away," every time; there are other missionary hymns. Then use the musical talent in the church; have solos, duets, or a ladies' quartette, and prepare your music as carefully as if for the regular church service. Carefulness, thoroughness in every detail, is a secret of success here as everywhere.

Space forbids my speaking of the earnest, thrilling missionary sermons the pastor ought to preach, the public addresses on missions that it is possible to secure at little expense, the talks by returned workers, the illustrated lectures, all of which cannot help but arouse an interest which it is the society's work to focus and centralize.

Our society has been successful in personal invitation, taking the trouble to write carefully worded invitations, each of several women preparing a small number, and then dividing the church roll so that each one can send to a certain number, holding her responsible for that number. On special days we have filled our audience room in that way.

As soon as any one does join a society, she should be put to work and kept at it. I recall several instances in which some excellent workers were aroused in that way. Indeed, my own interest in missions dates from a time, four years since, when, as a substitute, I was asked to say something about the work on the Marshall Islands. I didn't know exactly whether they were in the Arctic Sea or the Gulf of Mexico; but before I got through with them, those heathen had performed one worthy work,—they had converted me to missions.

After you get these dear uninterested women to the meeting, don't keep them there so long they will never come back. Short, bright, breezy

programmes will bring them again and again. Don't let your members read from magazines. Talk off your bit of news, or at least copy it and read from the written copy.

But what was the use of my writing this paper? The whole matter is so simple, it can be summed up in eight words: Prayerful Preparation, Personal Persuasion, Pleasing Programmes, Patient Perseverance!—*Home Mission Echo*.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Twenty-six Years of Missionary Work in China. By Grace Stott, of the China Inland Mission, with a Preface by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. Published by the American Tract Society. Pp. 366. Price, \$1.75.

Hudson Taylor's comment on this book is: "It is emphatically a story of work—earnest, persevering work, which God has blessed; an unvarnished account, it brings out clearly the lights and shades of missionary service. I did not find one dull paragraph. Those who begin to read the book will want to finish it, and it cannot fail to be a blessing to the reader."

This volume consists of twenty-five chapters, and the descriptive titles are given by passages of Scripture, such as "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men," "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The literary style is simple and graphic, and the book is enriched by illustrations.

Seven Years in Sierra Leone. By Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D. Published by F. H. Revell Co. Pp. 252. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Pierson says in the preface to this volume: "Some twenty or more years ago I came across an anonymous memoir of William A. B. Johnson, now out of print. It impressed me then as, on the whole, the most remarkable story of seven years of missionary labor that I had ever read; and now, after a score of years of research into missionary history and biography, that judgment is unhesitatingly reaffirmed. The aim in this recasting of the narrative has been to enable the reader to see, as in a panorama, the progress of the gospel triumphs in the most disheartening and desperate field which eighty years ago defied missionary conquest."

A Concise History of Missions. By Edwin Munsell Bliss, D.D. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 306. Price, seventy-five cents.

This dainty volume, which one could carry in bag or pocket, is packed full of information and strategic facts from cover to cover. It is compiled by the editor of "The Encyclopedia of Missions," and published by Funk & Wagnalls some years ago. This book, just issued, brings all important

movements on mission fields down to the latest date, including J. R. Mott's visits to the colleges of non-Christian lands, and John H. Barrows's opening of the Haskell Lectureship in Calcutta.

Those who have been familiar with Dr. Christlieb's "Universal Survey of Protestant Foreign Missions," published some twenty years ago, will find this book of Dr. Bliss's similarly helpful. He speaks of the growth of women's societies from that first formed in England, in 1825, for promoting education in the West Indies, until, in one form or another, the women have a separate organization in every denomination that does foreign work.

In Lands Afar. Issued by the A. B. C. F. M., at the Congregational House, Boston. Pp. 397.

This is a book for young people, being a second series of Mission Stories of Many Lands. It is profusely illustrated, and is made up of articles which have appeared in the Young People's Department of the *Missionary Herald*. These are all of a high order of merit, and are written by missionary specialists. They have an interest for older people as well as for the young, and in such papers as "Who are the Armenians?" and "Ancient Armenia and the Armenian Church," one finds valuable and trustworthy information put in clear and concise form. The book should be in every home.

G. H. C.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

The reader interested in the present condition of Spain will be glad to add to the articles mentioned in January "Side Lights," two which appeared in the December *Fortnightly Review*, too late for our issue, "The Carlist Cause," by Ruvigny and Cranstoren Metcalfe, and "Can Sagasta save Spain?" by Leonard Williams.

China comes prominently into view first in the *North American Review* for January, "America's Opportunity in Asia," by Chas. Denby, Secretary United States Legation in China, and "The Farce of the Chinese Exclusion Laws," by J. Thomas Scharf.

Also in the *Forum*, January, where Clarence Cary discusses "China and Chinese Railway Concessions." It appears from this article that the railroad is steadily making its way through the Chinese Empire, and that the Chinese meet its progress with a double attitude, as they do all indications of progress; on the one hand an inertia, a sluggishness; on the other; a contradictory curiosity to see what the "foreigners" will do.

In the *Forum*, also, Henry S. Townsend, Inspector-General of schools in that city, gives an account of "Education in Hawaii," from which we gain

the impression that the island, which so comparatively short a time since was heathen, compares favorably with Massachusetts in its educational requirements. As a rule, every village and hamlet where there are a dozen children requires ten months of schooling. The English language is exclusively used, though it is the mother tongue of only five per cent of the children.

Westminster Review, December, "India and England," by E. Pratt. A plain statement of the relations between the two countries, governing and governed, which are declared unjust to India, demoralizing to England.

We would remind our readers again that the *Missionary Review* is always an able assistant in the preparation of papers.

"The Question of Hawaii." *The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, January, 1898. The editor discusses in a spirited way the ethical, constitutional and strategic bearings of the question of Annexation, and also reviews some of the leading articles of the month upon the subject.

M. L. D.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

February.—Christian Explorers and Pioneers in Africa. See LIFE AND LIGHT for January.

March.—The Zulu Mission.

April.—The Zulu Mission.

May.—Missionary Treasuries.

June.—Land Yet to be Possessed.

July.—Young People's Work.

August.—The Island World.

September.—East Central Africa.

October.—West Central Africa.

THE ZULU MISSION.

TOPIC FOR MARCH.

Early Missionaries; The Present Missionary Force; Evangelistic Work.

For this topic we suggest three fifteen-minute papers on the headings given above. (1) For "Early Missionaries," we suggest brief sketches of Drs. Adams, Lindley, and Grout. See *Missionary Herald* for April, 1852 (Dr. Adams), November, 1880 (Dr. Lindley), April, 1894 (Dr. Grout). A quaint address by a Zulu pastor on the occasion of Dr. Lindley's

return to this country, would make an interesting reading; see *Missionary Herald* for March, 1875. (2) For "Present Missionary Force," a map exercise would be profitable, giving the names of the missionaries in their stations. See Reports of the American Board for the total force; of the Woman's Board for our own missionaries. The monthly leaflet for March will contain sketches of our own missionaries. (3) "Evangelistic Work." See "Glimpses of Heathenism," LIFE AND LIGHT for February, 1891; "Two Bible Women," August, 1895; "Blind Johannes," March, 1897; "Revivals: Extracts from Letters," April and July, 1897, and *Missionary Herald*, August, 1897; also Mrs. Holbrook's article on page 50. If the leaflets "Hobeana" and "Umcitwa" and "Yona" have not been used in the auxiliary, they would make admirable readings. It is pleasant to know from a recent letter that Hobeana, although old and nearly blind, is still living an earnest, consistent Christian.

It might be well to give the whole meeting to either the first or third divisions. An interesting way, also, would be to use the time on Dr. Tyler's book, "Forty Years Among the Zulus;" taking three topics: (1) His early missionary life; (2) Zulu customs; (3) Work accomplished. The book may be obtained from the circulating library of the Woman's Board, and should be in town and Sunday-school libraries. As the topic for April takes up the educational work in the Zulu mission, care should be exercised not to touch upon that subject.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

As we go to press the sessions of this Conference are going on in New York City. The programme includes informal meetings for discussion of practical points, a paper on "How to Secure and Train Foreign Missionary Workers," by Mrs. H. G. Safford, of the Baptist Board; "How can we Aid Missionaries to Greater Efficiency in their Work," by Mrs. G. H. Whiston, of Nova Scotia; and "Do Protestant Missions Encourage Good Citizenship?" by Mrs. Joseph Cook. Two question hours are arranged, one for the Home and one for the Foreign side of the work, where practical difficulties may be presented and solved, at least partially by those of long experience in mission matters. A joint conference with the officers of men's Boards will bring out the methods of the different women's Boards.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from November 18, 1897, to December 18, 1897.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Auburn, High St. Ch., Y. L. M. B., 30; Augusta, Aux., 50; Bath, Winter St. Ch., Aux. (of wh. 100 to const. L. M.'s Mrs. S. W. Cushing, Mrs. J. C. Ring, Mrs. B. J. Delano, Miss Mary M. Fiske), 107; Bethel, Aux., 11; Brunswick, Th. Off., from a Friend, 10; Gorham, Aux., 43.65; Greenville, Aux., 23; Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Aux., 20; Limerick, Rev. T. S. Perry, in mem. of Mrs. E. H. Perry, 10; Madison, Cong. Ch., C. E. S., 25; Portland, State St. Ch., Aux., 41.10; West End Ch., Union Mt'g Coll., 2.15; Waterville, Willing Workers, 10,

382 90

Total, 382 90

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Atkinson, Mrs. C. Waterhouse, 50 cts.; Greenfield, Aux., 12.25; Hampstead, Aux., 14; Hanover, Aux., 120; Jaffrey, Monadnock Bees, 10; Keene, Second Ch., C. E. S., 10; Rochester, Y. L. Soc., 10; Swansey, Aux., Th. Off., 7; Temple, C. E. S., 4; West Lebanon, Aux., 9, Jr. C. E. S., 3; Wilton, St. Paul C. E. S., 10,

209 75

Total, 209 75

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Burlington, Aux., 25; Fairlee, 6; Peacham Ladies, 85.16; Putney, Mrs. E. H. Field, 2.10; Rutland, Jr. C. E. S., 1; Springfield, Mrs. R. O. Forbush, through Mr. R. O. Forbush (to const. L. M.'s Mrs. William B. Forbush, Mrs. Harry O. Forbush, Miss Helen R. Dodge, Mrs. Solon Sherwin), 100; Thetford, Miss Mary I. Ward, 2; Troy, No., Mrs. D. A. Kelley, 3.25; Waterville, Aux., 2.65; Woodstock, Aux., 25,

252 16

Total, 252 16

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Friend, 30 00
Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Andover, Union, 209.20; Bedford, Miss Dickey, through United Workers, 1; Lowell, Mrs. Emily J. Kingsbury, 1; Maplewood, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Jane A. F. Cummings), 41.09, 252 29
Berkshire Co. Branch.—Mrs. Chas. E. West, Treas. Adams (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. M. C. Richmond), 29.53; Dalton, Sen. Aux., 134.76; P. G. M. C., 25.52; Housatonic, Aux. (of wh. Th. Off., 20), 31.45; Lee, Second Ch., Aux.,

104; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 7.75, A Memorial, 1; Stockbridge, Aux., 11.10; Williamstown, Aux., 352, 697 11

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Georgetown, Mem. Ch., Aux., 4; Ipswich, First Ch., Aux., 25; Merrimac, Aux., 18.60, First Cong. Ch., 1.04; Newburyport, Belleville Aux., 100, 148 64

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Gloucester, Aux., 43.50; Peabody, Aux., by A. E. R. (to const. L. M. Miss Amy S. Wardwell), 25; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Y. L. Aux., Th. Off., 17.63, Jr. C. E. S., 1.29, 87 42

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Northampton, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 75, Edwards Ch., Aux., 1; So. Amherst, Willing Workers, 10; Williamsburg, Mrs. James, 17, 103 00

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Framingham, Aux., 25, Cradle Roll, 5, Schneider Band, 25; Lincoln, Cradle Roll, 1; Marlboro, Aux. (of wh. 50 to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Rebecca Dalrymple, Mrs. W. E. Blake), 70.22, Girls' Miss. Club, 5; Natick, Aux., 75; Saxtonville, Aux., 30; Southboro, Aux., 16; Sudbury, Aux., 15; Wellesley, Aux., 32, coll. at annual meeting, 31.50, 330 72

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Abington, Aux., 12.67; Brockton, Aux., 50; Easton, Aux., Th. Off., 8.89; Weymouth Heights, Aux., Old No. Ch., Th. Off., 17; Wollaston, Aux., 24, 112 56

Springfield Branch.—Miss Harriet T. Buckingham, Treas. Blandford, Aux., 5.50; Longmeadow, Aux., 15.30; So. Hadley Falls, Aux., 25; Springfield, Mem. Ch., Aux., 17.25, 63 05

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Allston, Cong. Ch., Cradle Roll, 8.85; Auburndale, Aux., 53; Boston, A Friend, 1, E. I. S., 15, Berkeley Temple, C. E. S., 17, Shawmut Ch., Shawmut Helpers, 75; Brighton, Aux., 41.14; Cambridgeport, Prospect St. Cong. Ch., S. S., 23.73, Pilgrim Ch., Ladies' Miss. Soc., 10, Y. L. M. C., 40, Jr. and Intern. C. E. S., 5; Chelsea, First Ch., Miss Sarah R. Brooks, 1, Third Ch., Aux., 22.30; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux., 10, Harvard Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc. (of wh. 16.40 Th. Off.), 26.40, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 10, Y. L. Aux., 65, Go Forth M. B., 6, Village Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 4; Hyde Park, Cong. Ch., Jr. Aux., 9; Jamaica Plain, Cong. Ch., Dau. of the Conv., 25; Needham, Aux., Th. Off., 30; Newton, Eliot Ch. Helpers, 1.41, Cradle Roll, 23; Newton Highlands, Cong. Ch., Aux., 12.01; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 30, C. E. S., 5.53, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 46; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux. (of wh. 31.68 Th. Off.), 46.90, Prospect Hill Ch., Woman's Union, 17.25; Winter Hill, Cong. Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., Th. Off., 10.76, C. E. S., 5, Youthful Helpers, 15; Walpole, Aux., 1, 712 28

<i>Worcester Co. Branch</i> —Mrs. Minnie D. Tucker, Treas. Auburn, Mrs. Braham Rich, 20; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux. (of wh. 28.25 Th. Off.), 34.89; Holden, Aux., 14.05; No. Brookfield, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 10; Royalston, Aux., 5; Warren, Aux., 10.25; Winchendon, No. Cong. Ch., Aux., 37.95; Worcester, Old So. Ch., Miss. Aux., 20,	152 14
Total,	2,689 21

LEGACY.

<i>Groveland</i> .—Legacy Mrs. Laura A. Atwood, Miss Aphia T. Spofford, executrix,	1,000 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch</i> .—Mrs. G. E. Luther, Treas. Newport, Aux. (of wh. 25.83 Th. Off.), 30.83; Providence, Elmwood Temple, C. E. S., 3, Intern. C. E. S., 2.50, Jr. C. E. S., 2, Union Ch., Aux., 60, Cradle Roll, 10; Riverpoint, Aux., 2,	110 33
Total,	110 33

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch</i> .—Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Friends in Ekonk, 1; New London, Second Ch., Aux., 35; Norwich, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 19, Light Bearers M. C., 20, Park Ch., Aux., A Friend, 5; Willimantic, Aux., 10; Woodstock, Earnest Workers M. B., 10,	100 00
<i>Hartford Branch</i> .—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Ellington, Aux. (of wh. 62 Th. Off.), 64; Hartford, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 is in memory of M. C. H., 25, by Mrs. Julia Ellsworth, and 25 by Mrs. H. E. Taintor, to const. L. M. Mrs. H. P. Kline), 393.20, Fourth Ch., Loyal Circle of K. D., 5, Pearl St. Ch., Aux. (30 by Mrs. Nathaniel Shipman, of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. H. K. W. Welch, and 25 by Mrs. Charles R. Burt, to const. L. M. Miss Lillian A. Andrews), 231.50, Miss Olive Allen's S. S. Class, 2, Windsor Ave. Ch., M. C., 5; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 64.70, South Ch., Aux., 59.85; Tolland, Aux., 7; West Hartford, Greystone Light Bearers M. C., 5; Wethersfield, Aux., Th. Off., 34,	871 25
<i>New Haven Branch</i> .—Miss Julia Twinning, Treas. Bridgeport, No. Ch., Aux., Mrs. Eli Smith, to const. L. M. Miss Elsie Simonds, 25; Brookfield Center, Aux., 4; Canaan, Aux., 6, Y. L., 15; Danbury, First Ch., Aux., 6; Darien, Aux., 60; Deep River, Aux., 5; East Haddam, Aux., 10; East Haven, Aux., 63.24; East Morris, C. E. S., 5; Goshen, C. E. S., 7.50; Greenwich, Aux., 37; Kent, Aux., 52.40; Litchfield, Aux., 40.34; Meriden, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 200 to const. L. M's Mrs. Mary A. Carter, Mrs. George E. Savage, Miss Lucy A. Taylor, Miss Mary A. Butler, Mrs. Sophia E. Pinks, Mrs. Flora A. White, Mrs. J. C. Twitchell, Mrs. G. H. Wilson), 210, Center Ch., Aux., 23; Morris, Aux., 22; New Haven, A Friend, 40 cts., Centre Ch., Aux., 215.50, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 30; New Preston Hill, Aux., 8; Northfield, Aux.,	

16.20; Portland, Aux., 6, Work and Win, 20, Builders, 5.50; So. Britain, Aux., 18.24; Stamford, Aux., 61.51, Y. L., 24.51, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Stratford, Jr. C. E. S., 4.26; Warren, Aux., 16.58; Washington, Aux., 18.59; Watertown, Aux., 4.85; Westbrook, Aux., to const. L. M. Mrs. Nancy A. Perry, 25; Westport, Aux., 22.75,	1,094 37
Total,	2,065 62

LEGACY.

<i>Winsted</i> .—Legacy of Miss Eliza A. Fay, Winsted, Conn., John E. Clarke, executor,	500 00
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NEW YORK.

<i>New York</i> .—Miss Olivia E. P. Stokes,	500 00
<i>New York State Branch</i> .—Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Albany, First Ch., Aux., 25; Ancram, Miss Florence J. Stevens, 5; Binghamton, First Ch., Aux., 11; Brooklyn, Lee Ave. Ch., Aux., 1.60, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 50, Evangel Circle, 19; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 80.25, W. G. Bancroft Band, 36.23; Flushing, Aux., 37.50; Golden's Bridge, Helena L. Todd, 1.40; Mt. Sinai, Aux., 13.30; Oxford, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. A. D. Harrington), 10; Plattsburgh, Mrs. P. D. Moore, 8.80; Poughkeepsie, Aux., 5.25, Jr. C. E. S., 6; Patchogue, C. E. S., 10; Riverhead, Aux., 45, S. S., 17.76; Sherburne, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Electa Rexford), 36; Schenectady, Aux., 25; Spencerport, Aux., 31; Utica, Bethesda Aux., 1.90; Walton, Aux., 20. Less expenses, 53.63,	443 36
Total,	943 36

OHIO.

<i>No. Kingsville</i> .—A Friend,	1 40
Total,	1 40

CANADA.

<i>Canada</i> .—Cong. W. B. M.,	11 22
Total,	11 22

CHINA.

<i>Pao-ting-fu</i> .—Girls' Boarding School,	9 00
Total,	9 00

TURKEY.

<i>Aintab</i> .—Girls' Seminary,	5 98
<i>Marsovan</i> .—K. D. Circle, in Girls' Boarding School,	13 20
Total,	19 18

General Funds,	5,948 24
Gifts for Special Objects,	745 89
Variety Account,	99 95
Legacies,	1,500 00
Total,	\$8,294 08



ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

“WATCHMAN, what of the night? The morning cometh and also the night.” What are the signs of the dawning on our missionary horizon? They are, first, open doors. Wherever our missionaries are to-day laboring, there are opportunities for enlarging the work far beyond their ability to improve. Second, there is a softening of old prejudices between sects, and a kindly feeling toward the missionaries, born of sympathy and help in suffering. Specially is this true in Turkey and in India. Third, there are laborers ready to enter the field. There are literally thousands from the ranks of the Student Volunteers and from the Christian Endeavorers who are saying, “Here am I; send me.” Again the Holy Spirit is moving in many places, and on many hearts. Those hitherto unmoved are asking the way of life; in some places they come “like clouds and as doves to their windows.” Oh, yes, the morning cometh! but, alas! also the night! Given the harvest ripe, the reapers ready, the Spirit gracious, what hinders that we do not go up and possess the land for Christ? Whatever minor hindrances there may be, they are all swallowed up in the one great obstacle—lack of funds. The cry has been “hard times,” but, admitting the hard times, and the possible diversion of benevolence to relief work in Armenia and in Turkey, there still remains the potency of figures to show that we must look elsewhere for the true solution of the financial problem in our missionary operations. A nation that can spend in one year—as our’s did last year—\$22,000,000 for chewing gum, \$140,000,000 for liquors, and \$800,000,000 for tobacco, can afford to give more than a paltry \$5,000,000 for the spread of Christ’s kingdom. The difficulty lies deeper than ability; it has its root in the heart, and in the desire. When the people had a mind to give, the Lord’s treasury was full to overflowing.

God has been good to our little circle of co-laborers this year. Mrs. Dorward was carried safely back to her African home, in a good degree of

health. She reached Umsunguzi early in January, delighted to be once more with her husband, and among her people. For some time before she reached home, the Holy Spirit had been moving on the hearts of teachers and preachers. They had received a new baptism, and felt that a blessed revival was in store for the mission. It came with power, and many were converted. All-night meetings were held in many places, and confession of sin was a marked feature of the movement. Those who had been church members for a long time were among the foremost in confessing, and turning from sinful ways.

Mr. Bunker says of the work: "The revival has swept through our schools with great power. The pupils have been shaken like leaves in a tempest. The record of their experiences would fill volumes, and would read like the first chapters of Acts. The teachers stood amazed at seeing the work which they had struggled hard to accomplish done so easily and so thoroughly by the Spirit's power." On account of Mr. Dorward's health, a change seemed necessary. Mrs. Dorward went to Inanda Seminary to assist in the work there, and Mr. Dorward to Johannesburg and Pretoria, with the result that they are invited to locate permanently at Adams Missionary Station. The recent death of Mr. Harris, who was to take Umsunduzi Station, may change their plan.

Mrs. Gulick, of San Sebastian, has been in America most of the year in search of health, but her beloved school is borne constantly on her heart. It is largely due to her efforts that a board of American trustees has been formed, and some substantial donations secured, so that the long desired new school building seems in a fair way to become a reality. One hopeful feature of the work there is the Christian Endeavor societies, of which there are seven. It is by this means that they hope to retain a hold on the boys, who must go from them at the age when they are confirmed in the Catholic Church. The war in Cuba causes them much anxiety and uneasiness. What the outcome will be, or how it will affect their work, remains to be seen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Perkins and family sailed from New York in August, on their return trip to India. They do not go back to Arrupukottai, but will be stationed at Tirumangalam, about twelve miles from Madura. It has been a pleasure and a stimulus to listen to the burning words of these earnest servants of God while they have sojourned with us, and our love and our prayers go out after them. Miss Perkins remains at home for the present. Miss Barker superintends four native schools in Madura. In these schools there are about four hundred children, many of them having marks on their foreheads, showing that they worship idols. Religious teaching is practiced wherever possible and advisable. Conversions from time to time cheer the workers' hearts and show that God is truly blessing their efforts.

In Brousa, Turkey, the experiment of consolidating the two schools has proved successful as far as it has been tried. More changes in the school than usual are reported, but the number remains the same—about fifty. Mrs. Baldwin writes: “Of our school building in Brousa, West, a year ago we were asking, ‘What shall be done with it?’ The Lord has answered the question for us, and the money and the prayers that went into that building were not spent in vain. To-day there are forty-eight Armenian orphans gathered there to be clothed, fed, and nurtured for Christ, one who suffered much from exposure.” Mrs. Baldwin says the older girls seem to have received a severe shock physically and mentally, but the younger ones are as happy as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin have the general oversight of the orphanage, and the Rev. Mr. Garabedien is the resident teacher. The year has been one of much grave apprehension on the part of our missionaries, and considerable annoyance has been experienced, but the terrible slaughter of the previous year has not been repeated, and so far they have been unmolested in their work. The 9th of August completed thirty years of service of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin in Turkey.

In Micronesia, Miss Wilson and Miss Palmer have the care of the girls’ school on Kusaie. Miss Wilson made the trip on the *Morning Star* through the Gilbert Islands. They had no exciting scenes on the trip. Seria, the girl who was abducted last year, and so wonderfully escaped, did not go on shore, but her friends came out to the ship to see her, and made no effort to keep her. There are now three Gilbert Islanders ordained as ministers. There were a number of bright-looking girls who wanted to come to Kusaie, but they had to be told that they would have to wait, as the school was full. Miss Wilson was a great sufferer from neuralgia the past year, and feared she would be obliged to return, but a recent letter says she is much improved. She asks us to remember her and her work in our prayers.

Mrs. Logan spent nine days on Kusaie on her way out, and made her home at the girls’ school. She says “Mother Palmer” and “Mother Wilson” have great reason to be hopeful and glad in the thought of the light which will enter into many a dark community through those unto whom they are ministering in Christ’s name.

In Japan there are signs that the tide of skepticism has reached its flood, and the missionaries are most hopeful for the future. Miss Denton has been engaged largely during the past year in evangelistic and temperance work. At present she is at Tokyo, where she is to supply for one year the place of Mrs. Dr. Greene, who is in this country. The work is eleemosynary and institutional, and strictly evangelical. Miss Denton is well fitted for the situation, and has the entire confidence of all the mission. Miss Harwood is

still holding the fort at Matsuyama. The school has just celebrated its tenth anniversary. There were seven graduates in the last class, four of them Christians. There are about one hundred pupils. The isolation of the station is very trying to a single lady missionary. It was here that Miss Gunnison labored, and broke down. Rev. Dr. Atkinson says of our California girls, Miss Denton, Miss Gunnison, and Miss Harwood, "If the Pacific Coast can continue sending and supporting women like these, it is to be warmly congratulated; for while three such self-sacrificing, devoted, and efficient workers may perhaps be equaled, both here and elsewhere, they certainly cannot be excelled." Miss Gunnison is still in this country, but hoping to return ere long.

Since our last annual meeting this Board has assumed the partial support of Mrs. Dr. Hall, of the Shansi Mission, China. Dr. Hall is the medical missionary of that station, and is located at Liman. The work there is steadily increasing, and there is a readiness to hear the gospel. The people are ready and waiting to be taught.

In looking forward to the coming year, we cannot but feel that the outlook is hopeful. With returning prosperity we shall look for increasing contributions, and we may hope and expect that the work will be correspondingly increasive. Already there are signs of renewed activity among some of our auxiliaries. The tenth legion among the Christian Endeavor is also a hopeful sign for the future.

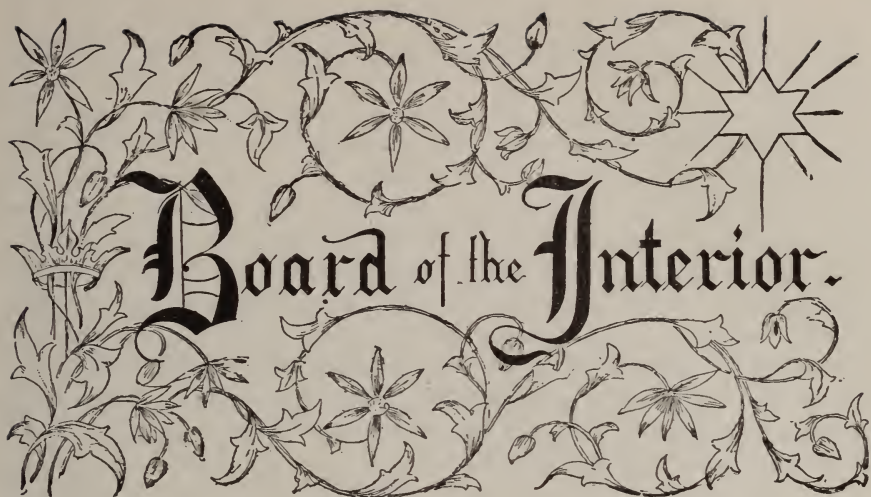
MISS DENTON AND JAPAN.

BY HENRIETTA BREWER.

MISS MARY FLORENCE DENTON, one of the missionaries of the Southern Branch in Japan, who went to her field from California in 1888, and who during her years of work has been connected with the Doshisha Girls' School, a branch of the Christian College founded by Joseph Neesima, and for many years such a powerful factor in the educational work of Japan, has made herself respected as a teacher, and loved as a woman of her strong personal influence, broad sympathies, and lovely Christian character can but do.

A call came from another quarter, and she went to Tokyo to take charge of a Rescue Home for Japanese girls, and to engage in other city missionary work. Her work in the "Home of Mercy and Love" will bring her into close relations with young girls and women in need of the personal contact with a woman of her character and influence, and her work in Tokyo will help to strengthen the workers and "fill in the gaps." One of the Japanese helpers writes her: "You will find surely the fields here in Tokyo are well ripen for the harvest of the Lord. I had yet a very little experience in the mission work, so I wish be taught by you." A beautiful life was ended heroically,—her last thought of the cross, and her wish to point others to it. A friend's testimony is that she has led fifty people to study the Bible, and so to accept the Saviour.

REDLANDS, November 25th.



DAWN.

BY MISS HARRIET L. KEYES.

"The Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

Look up to the mountains, ye children of day!
Far eastward the shadows are fleeing away;
And see, on the hills of the Orient afar,
The herald of morning, the wonderful Star!

From the lands whence the Dayspring to visit us came,
Long since hath departed its earliest flame;
Now broad o'er the islands of sunset it burns,
And again to its rising, unclouded, returns.

What splendors are waiting that radiant hour
When the bright Sun of Righteousness comes in his power!
He will beam on the shadows enshrouding Cathay,
And Burma shall waken to welcome the day.

From the cinnamon groves of the brown Cingalese,
Like the purest of incense shall praises increase;
And they of the mainland the tidings repeat,
And welcome the messenger's beautiful feet.

Where Martyn is sleeping shall myriads awake,
O'er Galilee's wave the glad morning shall break;
And Zion, a queen, sit enthroned on her height,
For the kings of the Gentiles shall come to her light.

Messiah shall triumph, his Father hath sworn;
It is yours. O ye chosen, to hasten the morn!
Unwearied in labor, unfailing in prayer,
He bids you the way of His kingdom prepare.

GLIMPSSES AT A MISSIONARY VACATION.

From a letter by Miss Emily S. Hartwell, dated Kuliang, Mt. Foochow, China, July 29, 1897:—

It hardly seems like taking a summer vacation, although we are up on the mountains; it is, rather, flying away from the plague-stricken city to a cooler spot, where one can continue working.

Miss Chittenden and I each have two "teachers" at work helping us prepare for our next term's teaching, together with accomplishing the actual work we are doing this summer. We have a daily messenger to bring proof from the press and word from the summer school. Miss Chittenden reads proof, and I dictate letters to give instructions in regard to how the printing can be "rushed"; a most difficult thing to accomplish with not sufficient type to set up twelve pages and eight pages of proof,—four for first reading, and the four for second and last reading,—to be sent five times a week. It is like making bricks without straw.

I was alone in the city three days the middle of this month to start the summer school, and have, almost daily, letters to send down in regard to its work. It may seem strange to have school in session with so much sickness, but the Institute is on high ground, and kept very clean, so it really is a blessing to keep it open, as it gives a clean and comparatively cool place for those who would be much worse off in their own homes.

I am feeling well, but rather tired, and am trying to rest between whiles by sitting out and breathing deep, and enjoying the walks after four o'clock in the afternoon. It is too hot before that hour. Several natives have been killed by tigers in these mountains this summer, so no one dares to go out at night. A girl about fourteen years old was eaten just over the brow of this mountain, about half past seven o'clock one evening; and tigers' tracks have been seen three different times near Mr. Beard's house; also, a gun set at the top of the mountain was fired by a tiger pulling the string attached, and the tiger's rapid retreat was afterwards followed for some distance down into the valley.

A tiger weighing over two hundred pounds has been killed farther down the river, and we hope the rest have taken alarm, but we do not think it wise to act as if too confident in our hopes.

We had a very unusually cold spring, and early summer; it rained almost constantly, and between April and June we had eight floods, in some places damaging the crop of rice.

The cold weather was a great blessing to us, as it doubtless delayed the spread of the plague. It seems wonderful how the Christians, as a rule, escape. This we consider due to the fact that they are more cleanly, and

when taken ill do not waste their time with senseless idolatry, but take medicine. Most of all they do not stay up all night to attend theaters, which are very common during the hot months, nor do they wear themselves out following the tedious idol-processions. In these many walk great distances, and when they return home throw themselves down in their clothes, wet with perspiration, and sleep heavily with fatigue, taking a severe chill, which ends in the plague.

One of the favorite means used at this time to drive away the plague devils is to make paper images of them and place them in paper boats with quantities of rice, fish, and other food, together with a great amount of idol money. Then they form a great procession, with torches, and cymbals, and drum, and carry them through the streets to the temple on the top of the black-rock hill in the city, and burn them up. This they call "sending them out to sea," and besides furnishing them with food and money they often give them a compass, that they may know how to navigate their boat when they reach the water.

The story runs that once five scholars came in a boat to Foochow, and lived in a little house that had a very poisonous well. These five scholars drank the water, and great swellings appeared on their faces, and necks, and bodies, and they died. So much of the story is true, and the people know the surnames of the five men. The story further says that since then the water in the well has been good, so the plague spirits which were in the well must have come out and taken possession of the five scholars. So they have built a temple on the spot, and worship the five scholars as the great rulers or emperors of the plague. They think if they can only persuade these five scholars to go back to sea they will get rid of the plague.

Each procession has two boats, and each boat five images in it. In the first are the images of the five men. The chief one is represented with three eyes, because he is supposed to be pitiful, and loath to allow the five evil spirits to catch people. The multitude worship this one especially, hoping that if the evil spirits seize them he will persuade them to let go their hold. The other four scholars have great swellings on their faces, but one is supposed to be the worst of all. He is represented with a mouth like the bill of a bird, showing that he will not let go when once he catches them. Attached to this first boat, as if pulled by it, is one containing the five spirits supposed to have possession of the scholars. These have men's faces, but one has the figure of a poisonous centipede painted on his body, another a frog, another the most deadly serpent known here. The face of another is red, indicating the burning fever, and the other blue and swollen, meaning that the whole body is filled with the poison.

The hope is that the five rulers of the plague will succeed in taking the five evil spirits of the plague out to sea and free this city. These idols have only been worshiped since the time of the present emperor's grandfather. The story shows clearly that the plague was brought in from other ports, and as clearly how destitute of any scientific knowledge this people are.

An interesting example of the reverence shown the emperor is the fact that they could not worship the five scholars as emperors or rulers of the plague, without permission of the Emperor of China. What a contrast to the measures taken by our own Government in levying taxes and establishing quarantine to prevent the spread of disease! We recently had a visit from a physician sent out by the Government of the United States to study better methods of quarantine regulations. When we see such superstitions resulting in great processions,—the greatest possible menace to life in giving opportunity for the spread of infection,—how can we doubt that modern scientific instruction, the direct result of Christianity, is one of the most efficient factors in breaking down superstition, and saving those wrapped in heathen darkness? Modern scientific instruction as truly as medical skill, the first a preventive, the second a cure, are most necessary to the true success of the gospel, which not only saves the soul from future punishment, but rescues the individual—body, mind, and spirit—with a present salvation.

What a beautiful religion that makes holy the sweep of the broom, the lisping of the alphabet, as truly as the exalted prayer! Nothing is mean or unimportant when it renders service, either to the soul where God longs to abide, or the soul's temple, the body he created and honored by taking it upon himself. I often think of this when I inspect rooms, or punish a student for lack of cleanliness as well as lack of truthfulness. This is always done immediately after prayers, and seems to have no incongruity with them.

Another thing which impresses us with the blessed humanity of our religion; is the contrast between our kindness and pity in view of even most dreaded forms of disease, and the terrible ideas of retribution these heathen have. If a person dies with the plague, it is a sure proof to their minds that the victim was very wicked.

In the street the other day I noticed houses draped in white, and inquired the cause of the death. No one would answer, but some one said, "A very bad person." Poor people, to be called to part with a dear one, and made to feel that dreadful retributive justice had caused the agonizing death! As soon as one dies the family usually leave the house, and leave the last offices to those who are so poor that they can be hired to attend to the burial. An unpainted coffin is used, and no funeral procession of mourners allowed by

custom. The body is buried at once ; a most fortunate custom, indeed, and one we could wish followed in other instances.

The native house adjoining the Institute, which we bought last spring, had contained for months the remains of a victim of cholera. The coffin was kept in one of the rooms. It had been varnished many times, however, so was hermetically sealed. Do you wonder that I object to having students scattered all over the neighborhood in portions of houses visited by such diseases? It is one thing to go past the house daily, but another to inspect the house and be responsible for the inmates as in a boarding school.

TOURING IN CHINA.

BY MISS ADA HAVEN.

WHAT a different idea the word "tour" conveys in America and in Asia ! Our tours are not made in a palace car, but a springless mule cart, on which one sits with one's bedding, washing apparatus, and food box bumping into one (unless one has reduced the art of packing a cart to a fine point by long experience). When you get out you are stiff from sitting on your feet so long, and can hardly keep your feet while you find your way across the inn yard through the donkeys, mules, and men to the place where you are to be incarcerated for the night.

You cannot call it a dungeon, for it is on the level of the ground ; nor yet a prison, for like as not you cannot shut the door ; but it might be a dungeon or a prison for all the cheer afforded by its filthy interior. Still, it furnishes comparative rest, for when you reach your objective point, the country station which you are going to visit, rest or thought of self is quite out of the question, with crowds of people filling the room all the while from early morning till late at night, and a Bible woman snoring on the *k'ang* beside you from late at night till early in the morning, while you sit up and pursue the wakeful flea.

But I have not tried country tours for years. I am so thankful for other work, and so thankful that I do not even need to leave my home for a health change ; for I dislike traveling in China as much as I like it in other countries, and am so happy as long as I can stay in my own little vine-covered house. And my house has as pretty a variety of vines around it, and they are as graceful a decoration, as you would find even at home. The window where I sit writing is screened from the rest of the compound by a honeysuckle on a bamboo lattice. A hedge of roses as tall as myself runs all along this east front of my house, and these roses at this season are covered by morning-glories. Between the next two windows (one in my sitting room, one in my

bedroom) is a great rose vine on a bamboo ladder reaching to the eaves. This lets drop great festoons—yards in length—over all the bushes, and both windows are partially screened by it. The south window in my little hall is covered by a straw lattice of Madeira vine. I keep the window open day and night, and as this vine is close to the window, and fills all the space, it is all I need in the way of curtain or blind. The rest of the south wall of my house is covered by a grape-vine.

The chapel, just about ten feet west of my house, presents a solid wall of Virginia creeper. The glory of the yard is the great acacia trees, very much higher even than the chapel. Now, don't you see, I don't need "tours" to find beauty?

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY MISS CORA M'CANDLISH.

KOBE COLLEGE, Oct. 18, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS AT THE ROOMS: "Welcome to beautiful Japan and the blessed mission work," was the keynote of all the letters of welcome which reached me on my arrival in Yokohama.

What a beautiful thought that is, sending the greeting to the steamer even when, as in many cases, I was to see them personally in a few days.

I am staying here at the College for a time, and as I write I can look out over these beautiful grounds over the pretty city, and out onto the harbor, filled with big ships, little ships, and middle-sized ships, and the warm, bright morning sun beaming down upon us all. And then the glorious hills back of the school. It seems odd to me to call them hills, for they would be huge mountains in Chicago. But why expatiate over this lovely scene, which, undoubtedly, has been described by every missionary to Japan for many years?

The voyage was delightful. I proved myself a good sailor, and so could look at things through rose-colored glasses. I didn't know before that water could be so blue, sunsets so gorgeous, air so delicious, and, in fact, everything and everybody so charming. You see it was my first ocean voyage, so I may be allowed some bursts of admiration.

The day at Honolulu was full of delight. It is much more of an American city than I expected to find, and very, very pretty. The steamer sailed at 4 P. M. We had supplied ourselves with the bright-colored wreaths, or *lais*, so were well decorated. The native band gave us a royal send-off, and the water was fairly black with small boys, and large ones, too, diving

for money. So we went on our way with music, and flowers, and fluttering of handkerchiefs, making a scene, with the towering mountains as a background, not soon to be forgotten. We passed two steamers after leaving Honolulu, one of them passing within half a mile. There was considerable excitement, as you can imagine.

We reached Yokohama in the night, and, much to my disappointment, Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, was covered by mist, so I could only see it dimly. It being Sunday, we missionaries went ashore to the Union Church, and enjoyed a good service, which was followed by the communion. Mr. Clark and I went home with Mrs. Henry Loomis to tiffin, Mrs. Clark preferring to return to the steamer with the children.

On Monday we did a little shopping, and then went to Tokyo for a day of sightseeing. I will not take time to describe it, but I enjoyed the day exceedingly.

We left the harbor at daybreak Tuesday, and as it was rather rough did not reach Kobe till nearly noon Wednesday. Mr. Pettee came to meet us, the ladies having tried once or twice before we came. We came direct to the school, and after dinner the Clarks went with Mrs. John Gulick to Osaka. We found Misses Searle, Torrey, Benedict, and Willcox at the school, and all quite well. Miss Barrows, Miss Dudley, and Miss Howe called, and I have since been to the mission prayer meeting at Miss Barrows', and to the wonderful kindergarten. Miss Cozad is in the mountains with the sick people, who all seem to be gaining, though Helen Davis is not yet out of danger. What a siege they are having!

I expect to visit Osaka and Kyoto before going to Miyazaki, and will write again as soon as I reach my final destination. I am well, though fearfully sleepy. I hope soon to be able to shake off that depressing feeling which, they say, always comes with the first introduction to Japan air.

It is almost time for the mail to close, so I will not write more now.

HOW TO CATCH A ROGUE.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE R. WILLARD.

Two days ago, when Miss Taylor* and I were in a Turkish quarter of the city [Marsovan], a Turkish boy raised his stick and struck her. Quick as a flash she seized the stick, and his attempt to keep it was useless. She broke it up before his eyes. (It was just a little branch of a tree, which he was driving his donkey with.) There were many people just there, and immediately a great shout and general hubbub arose, and the crowd appeared to be following us. A Turkish officer appeared, and scattered them.

The next day when our steward came home from the market he came to ask what we were going to do about the offense of that boy, and said that rich Greeks in the market had heard how the American ladies had been treated, and they wanted something done about it. It seems that the boy went through the streets boasting that he had whipped the American ladies.

*Miss Taylor is the nurse in the hospital at Marsovan. She is an English lady from London.

When the affair was being discussed in the market "a great Turkish teacher" overheard what was said, and determined to find out who the boy was. So he went to the school, and said: "Boys, I hear that you have been beating the Christians. - That is a good thing to do. I am glad that you have done it." Then he asked who had done this good deed, and on learning whipped the boy! There is more than one way to find out an offender. We are now in peace and quiet.

LEADER OF MISSION BAND: A RECIPE.

BY MRS. E. F. A. DRAKE.

NINETY parts of holy Willingness to work anywhere God wants her. Mix thoroughly with Humility. Five parts each of Faith, Determination, and Perseverance stirred well together. Four parts Desire for Knowledge. One part of what the world calls Ability. This mixture set to rise with the leaven of Prayer in the warm rays of God's Love, and you have a woman sweet, tender, and loved, that will carry the very bread of life, which she is, to the hungry little souls in any community.

[Mrs. Michael Burnham's words, at the annual meeting in Evanston, on the need of leaders for young people's work, give force to the above recipe.]

If you find by the Bible teachings that one tenth of your income and one seventh of your time belong to the Lord absolutely and outright to begin with, and that your hold on the other nine tenths of your income and six sevenths of your time is not that of unconditional ownership, but of conditioned Christian stewardship, then see whether your conscience chronometer does not run pretty slow in that latitude. A rating up of Christian consciences generally, by this standard, would add ciphers pretty fast at the right hand of benevolent contributions. There would be little trouble then about the support of missionaries or the building of new churches.—*Henry Clay Trumbull.*

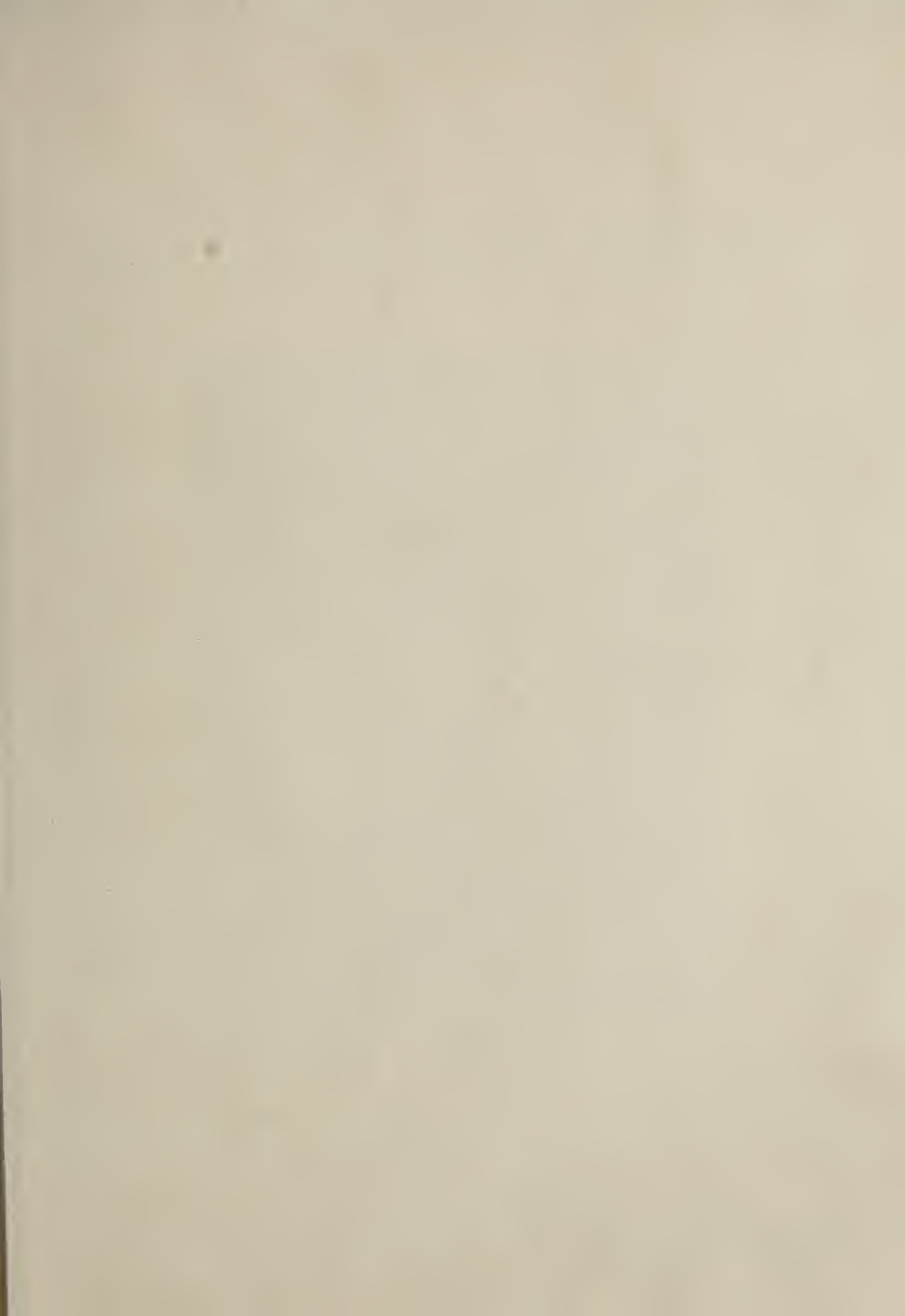
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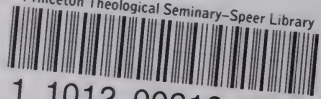
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